# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.

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## BIOGRAPHY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

(*Continued from page* 390.)

HOW far the misfortunes of Burgoyne were owing to accidents beyond human control, and how far they are to be ascribed to the individual conduct and courage of the American commander, would be a useless and invidious inquiry. Reasoning on the ordinary ground, his merits were exceedingly great, and this event entitled him to a high rank among the deliverers of his country. The memory of all former misfortunes were effaced by the magnitude of this victory, and the government and people vied with each other in expressing their admiration of the conquering general. Besides the thanks of congress, the general received from the president a gold medal as a memorial of their gratitude.

Every war abounds with cases of private suffering and distress, very few of which become public, though sympathy and curiosity are powerfully excited by narratives of that kind; and the feelings of a whole nation are remarkably swayed by them. The expedition of Burgoyne was adorned by the romantic and affecting tales of Miss M'Crea, and Lady Harriet Ackland. The latter is of no further consequence in this narration, than as it reflects great credit on the politeness and humanity of general Gates; major Ackland, the husband of this lady, was wounded and made prisoner in one of the battles preceding the surrender, and his wife, in going to the hostile camp to

attend her husband, met with a reception which proved that long converse with military scenes, had left the virtues of humanity wholly unimpaired in his bosom.*

We do not feel ourselves authorized to enter minutely into certain mysterious transactions which followed these great events, and which exhibited the melancholy prospect, not of skirmishes and battles with the common enemy, but of a war of jealousy, suspicion and recrimination, between the chief commanders of the American forces. We hardly dare venture to touch upon leading facts, and to draw any positive conclusions from them at this late period, and without that knowledge which a personal acquaintance with the parties only can confer, would be presumptuous and absurd.

The first step to these misunderstandings, which has gained historical notice appears to be an unsuccessful application to Gates by Washington, for a detachment of his troops, after the course of events had clearly established the superiority of the northern army, exclusive of this detachment, over the enemy. After the capture of Burgoyne, it was extremely difficult either by persuasion or remonstrances, to induce general Gates, who was in quarters at Albany, to believe that the dangers of the southern army warranted him in parting with any of his forces. This reluctance, however, was finally overcome by the address and perseverance of colonel Hamilton; but the previous delays were supposed by some to contribute to the success of the British arms in Jersey, and on the Delaware. It is proper to observe, however, that these delays partly arose from the mutinous spirit of the troops intended to be draughted from the north.

The exigencies of the American troops, in the rigorous winter of seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, for provisions, led to a very singular contest between the civil and military power, in which the former recommended violence and cruelty, and the latter was the advocate of mildness and justice. Congress commanded the wants of the army to be supplied by a species of military execution. The general was insurmountably averse to any mode but fair purchase. The commander, since the acquisition of the colonial metropolis, by Howe, refused to adopt offensive measures. A strong party in congress, and

* The adventures of this lady have been made the theme of a long poem by Mrs. Morton of Boston. Her theory is very pleasing, and her verses have considerable merit, but whether the heroism of lady Ackland ought to be considered as exemplifying the influence of what is called a fashionable and luxurious education, or as forming a singular exception to the natural and ordinary effects of such an education, may be questioned by some.

a large one among the people, highly disapproved of his forbearance. The brilliant exploits of Gates, in the north, naturally presented him as a suitable successor to the commander in chief. Thus far we may venture to go, but we are not justified in assigning the degree of influence which personal animosity or ambition possessed over the feelings or conduct of general Gates on this occasion; how far the project of exalting him to the chief command originated with, or was promoted by himself; and if this were in any degree the case, how far upright or questionable means were employed for this end, we decide not. The regard due to the reputation of both those illustrious men, requires a nearer and nicer scrutiny to qualify any one for a judge in this case, than is possible for any one now living to make.* We hardly need to add that no change was effected, and that henceforward the popularity of Washington continued to increase.

It is well known that success does not always prove the wisdom of military plans, nor their failure always evidence their folly. Had Washington on that occasion been superseded by Gates—had Philadelphia been stormed, and Cornwallis and his army made prisoners—we should have escaped the miseries of three or four years' war. The promotion of Gates would have been universally applauded, and his glory in a great measure have supplanted that of Washington. Yet this event might have flowed from an unforeseen and momentary accident. Offensive measures at that season might not have deserved success. To all those who reason justly from the experience of the past, they might appear rash and inexpedient. Yet as a large party in congress and among the people, disapproved of Washington's forbearance, his successor would have appeared to owe his success to his superior valour and conduct. Fortunately, however, perhaps, Gates was denied an opportunity of trying his own plans. For the same accident which sometimes gives success to a rash measure, quite as often frustrates a prudent one; and failure would have been as readily admitted by the people a sufficient proof of his temerity as success of his foresight. Gates was placed at the head of the board of war, a post of trust and dignity scarcely inferior to that of commander in chief. His influence was immediately felt by the numerous class of the disaffected

* A good deal is said on this subject by Marshall, in his third volume, to which we gladly refer the reader for further, though certainly not for complete information, on this subject. An impartial mind will ever find such topics exceedingly embarrassing, and the very glory of Washington will inspire Candor with new caution, lest its lustre should mislead into injustice owards another.

and suspected. These had been treated in the true spirit of revolutions, with superfluous rigour and capricious cruelty. Gates's system was that of forbearance and lenity—of allowing largely for honest intentions and difference of opinion. The benignity of his measures were seconded by the urbanity of his personal deportment—he was courteous and friendly even to the proscribed.

The quakers of Pennsylvania were favourably disposed to Great Britain. This was a practical consequence of their conscientious aversion to war. How far their inclination and judgment, independent of religious motives, made them as a body favourable to that cause, it is needless to say. Their conscientious plea obtained no indulgence from the ruling party, and they were involved without ceremony, in the charge of treason and rebellion. Their sufferings constitute no particular stigma against the American revolution, because jealousy, intolerance, and oppression, belong of necessity to all revolutions.

Gates had always a particular kindness for the quakers. He displayed on all occasions, almost ostentatiously, his reverence for the head of that sect. The first use he made of the power annexed to his present station, was to redress their complaints, and relieve their sufferings.

(*To be continued.*)

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

## OF THE LATE THOMAS DRYSDALE, M. D.

If to erect a permanent and well-deserved monument to genius and learning, to hold forth to public admiration a model of character calculated to awaken the sensibility and rouse the virtuous emulation of the youth of our country, and to rescue from the leaden grasp of Oblivion the memory of exalted modesty and worth—If these be among the legitimate objects of American biography, the name of Drysdale should no longer slumber amid the silence of his ashes—It should be no longer entrusted to the precarious keeping of an humble *hic jacet*, etched on a head-stone near the shores of the Chesapeake.

Thomas Drysdale, though not of a wealthy or distinguished family, was, notwithstanding, descended of reputable parentage. He was

born in the city of Baltimore about the year 1772. Like many other individuals, who have become afterwards conspicuous for genius and letters, he was an infant of so feeble a frame, and such infirm health, that, for a considerable time, his dissolution was looked for as a certain and speedy event. But he was preserved for other destinies, and to carry to his tomb deeper regrets and keener sorrows, than could be lavished on the grave of an unpromising child. While yet of very tender age he was left an orphan by the death of his father. Soon after this melancholy occurrence he had the good fortune to attract the notice and conciliate the affections of Dr. Dorling, of Baltimore, a gentleman of talents, worth, and affluence, who, having no children of his own, adopted him as his son. Nor was this adoption the result of either relationship, accident, or caprice. It arose from a conviction in the penetrating and benevolent mind of Dr. Dorling, that his ward had received from nature the germe of eminence.

When placed at school, young Drysdale was far from disappointing the hopes and expectations of his patron and father. On the other hand, his improvement outstripped even the anticipations of the fondest affections. Beneath the influence of skilful culture, the powers and beauties of his mind expanded with the rapidity and luxuriance of the young olive, when fostered by the sunshine of the most genial sky. In every seminary through which he passed in pursuit of his education, it was his fortune to become the leader of his class, the favourite of his teacher, and an honour to the institution. For his orderly and respectful deportment, and the general decorum of his conduct, as a pupil, were alike exemplary to his equals, and pleasing to his superiors.

But the excellence of his character was not centred exclusively in the superiority of his intellect. His temper was sprightly, his disposition mild, his manners affable and engaging, his sentiments liberal and manly, and his heart the favourite seat of the social affections. Though his fancy was vivid and his wit keen and sparkling, they were never exercised at the expense of the feelings of a friend. Their play was brilliant but inoffensive, like the lambent flame of the poet, which, without scorching a hair of his head, sported around the temples of the infant Ascanius. They procured him many admirers, some friends, but no enemies.

Possessing talents of so elevated an order, joined to an ardent passion for knowledge, and enjoying the fairest opportunities our country afforded, young Drysdale's education could not fail to be of a superior character. Accordingly in the Latin, Greek, and Franch languages, together with the various elementary branches of science taught in our colleges, his knowledge soon became uncommonly accurate and pro-

found for his years. His acquaintance with the Latin, in particular, was surpassed by that of very few scholars of the present day. For he spoke and wrote that noble language with correctness, fluency, and classical elegance.

But our young philosopher's love of science, and the intensity of his application to severer studies, did not render him either indifferent or inattentive to personal and polite accomplishments. Hence his attainments in painting, music, dancing, fencing, and horsemanship, though not of the very highest order, were amply sufficient for the amateur and the gentleman. The wide and variegated range of his acquirements qualified him no less for a man of the world, than a man of letters. For he early learned the pleasing and invaluable, though difficult art, of blending together study and amusement, the labours of the closet with the glitter of the drawing-room, or the pleasures of the social circle, without suffering the one unduly or injuriously to encroach on the other. In all his studies, as well as in all his more active pursuits, he made the *utile et dulce* blend and harmonize in a manner equally rare and attractive.

Having finished his elementary education, he took leave of college, bearing along with him the fairest academical honours, mingled with the love and esteem of his fellow-students and preceptors. Though the heir, in expectancy, of an ample fortune, and, therefore, able to pass his time in the lap of affluence and literary ease, yet to live without being actively useful to society, did not comport with his ideas of duty. A rigid practical moralist, he deemed himself bound by an irrevocable obligation to devote to the good of his fellow men those talents and acquirements, of which nature and education had given him the command. He accordingly determined to qualify himself for some professional pursuit, and, by a kind of elective attraction, his choice was fixed on the profession of medicine.

The first part of his medical pupilage, which commenced about the year 1790, was spent under the direction of Dr. Brown of Baltimore, a physician conspicuous alike for talents, learning, and practical eminence. In this situation young Drysdale continued, the favourite pupil of an able preceptor, till the winter of 1792-3, when he repaired to Philadelphia to prosecute his studies in the University of Pennsylvania.

In the medical school which contained at that time about one hundred and twenty young gentlemen, assembled from the different states of the union, he was not long in attaining his usual distinction. In point of genius, application, and general science, he was acknowledged to rank with the foremost pupils of the institution. For classical learning he had scarcely an equal. To these excellencies of intellect he

added an exterior so engaging, an address so insinuating, and manners so mild, polished, and graceful, that he soon attracted the notice and regard of the medical professors, and won the respect and esteem of all his fellow-students to whom he became known. To the former he conducted himself as a pupil of exemplary deportment and ample promise, and to the latter he was a pleasing and instructive companion.

But it was in the several societies attached to the school of medicine, that his reputation attained its most elevated standing. Here the quickness of his penetration, and the extent of his knowledge, united to strong argumentative powers, and an easy, fascinating flow of eloquence in debate, shone with a lustre peculiar to himself. They might be almost said to have formed a kind of epoch in the societies, and constituted a solid basis for that influence and ascendency, which he soon acquired over the minds of most of his fellow-members.

He continued his studies in the University of Pennsylvania, till the spring of 1794, when he was admitted to the degree of doctor of medicine. On this occasion, as on every former one, he was perfectly himself, losing nothing of that character as a scholar and philosopher, which it had been hitherto his pride and his fortune to maintain. The functions and diseases of the liver constituted the subject of his inaugural dissertation, which was written in chaste and classical Latin. I add, with much regret, that it was one of the last theses clothed in that learned and noble language, that has issued from the medical school of Philadelphia. Though it might be too much to assert that this circumstance alone marks a degeneracy of learning in the school, yet no one will contend that it is, in any measure, honourable to it. When literary and professional honours are rendered so cheap as to be within the reach of every capacity, Genius, Industry, and Learning being placed on the same humiliating level with Stupidity and Ignorance, are robbed of their fairest and most grateful reward.

Soon after his investment with the honours of his profession, Dr. Drysdale returned to Baltimore, which the attachments of his youth, and the solicitations of friendship induced him to contemplate as the place of his future residence. Happy for hjmself—happier still for his friends and country had he returned alone! but this, alas! was not the case; for he carried with him, as an inmate of his bosom, the foe that was destined ere long to destroy him—a foe inexorable in his rage, unerring in his aim, and, like *Death*, as described by the poet, too often inclined to select as his victim, "*a shining mark.*"

In the course of the preceding autumn, Dr. Drysdale had experienced a severe attack of *hemopthisis*, from which he never entirely recovered. A slight but dry and obstinate cough, accompanied by an

occasional hectic on his cheek, betrayed to his friends the lurking mischief. Every one but himself was alarmed for his safety, and he was frequently urged to measures of precaution. The writer of this article has himself spent hours in pressing remonstrances on the subject. But all was to no purpose. The destined victim of disease, more intent on the acquisition of knowledge, than on the preservation or regaining of his own health, persevered in his ardent career of study, wholly regardless, perhaps unconscious of the impending danger. For one of the well known characters of pulmonary consumption is, that the unhappy sufferer is himself the last to admit that his situation is perilous.

Soon after his return to Baltimore, Dr. Drysdale became possessed of the inheritance he had long expected, by the death of his friend and patron, Dr. Dorling. But it was not in the power of wealth to change his Roman ideas of duty, or to shake those principles which he had long since adopted for the regulation of his conduct. Though his system was now evidently too much shattered, and his health too infirm, to admit of his encountering the fatigues of his profession, yet his active and enterprizing spirit, coöperating with his sense of moral obligation, would not suffer him to waste his time in idleness. He accordingly invested a large sum of money in an institution for the manufacturing of salt from the waters of the Chesapeake. Of this institution he became the principal director, an undertaking for which he was amply qualified, from his accurate and extensive knowledge of chymistry.

But his exertions and services in this new and patriotic establishment, were destined to be of transient duration. The pulmonary affection under which he had so long laboured, advancing now with an accelerated pace, became alarming even to himself. Having hitherto made its approaches only by sap, it seemed determined at length to carry the fortress by a *coup de main.* Nor were all the powers of medicine able to frustrate its deadly purposes, or even to stay the period of their accomplishment. So rapid was now the progress of the disease, and so irresistible its fatal course, that in a few weeks its amiable victim was confined to his bed, and, in a few more, consigned to the grave—a grave where neither briar, nettle, nor noxious weed can ever spring; so mild, so inoffensive is the dust it contains—green be the sod that forms its covering, gentle and fragrant the breezes that fan it, far from the spot be the footsteps of the unfeeling, and may the dewdrops of heaven that nightly bespangle it, be pure as the spirit that once animated its sacred deposit!

As a belles lettres scholar, Dr. Drysdale held a very elevated standing for his age. Though he died in his twenty-third year, his knowledge of polite literature was extensive, profound, and critically

accurate. This was more particularly the case with regard to the poets, both ancient and modern. From the first opening of his intellect, he had regularly devoted a portion of his leisure hours to the cultivation of an acquaintance with these favourites of the Muses. Nor was he himself a stranger to the haunts of Parnassus, and the inspiring waters of the Castalian fount. While a student of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, the public was indebted to his pen for some of the most brilliant and beautiful little effusions, that have ever adorned our periodical prints. A genuine son and favourite of Fancy, his were emphatically the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Nor was he destitute of the talent for arranging those thoughts and words in a manner and style attuned to harmony and true to nature.

As a prose writer his style was copious and forcible, correct and elegant. His largest and most elaborate work consisted of an extensive series of letters to Dr. Rush, descriptive of the yellow fever as it prevailed in Baltimore, in the year 1794. These letters alone contain matter amply sufficient to establish the truth of all that has been advanced in this article respecting the talents and acquirements of the deceased. They were written but a short time previously to his death, and from the feebleness of his frame at the time, and the labour attendant on a composition so voluminous, it is probable they contributed to hasten that melancholy event.

Accept, departed shade of the most mild and amiable of men—accept this humble and imperfect tribute from one who was honoured with thy friendship while living, who mourned thy death with the sorrows of a brother, and who now begs forgiveness for having so long neglected to tell the world thy artless story!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—LETTER VIII.

*The Cape, Island of Hayti, April* 1804.

AMONG those who attempted to make their escape from the island, some were detected, of which I shall relate a few instances. One evening in February I was sitting near the door of a house on the quay, a short distance from the wharf. An American captain came running in, very much agitated, and, in a voice almost suppressed by fright, tremblingly asked me to lend him a dollar. I suspected that he had fallen into some difficulty, and instantly gave him one, when he hastened away. When I afterwards saw him, he informed me, that in company with a friend, in the attempt of taking a French lady to the wharf, to convey her on board an American vessel, he had been seized by the guard, and, finding no means of escaping from the alarming situation in which they were placed, unless bribery would do it, he had made propositions. The soldiers fortunately accepted the money, and permitted the lady to embark in a boat, in which she was conveyed to an American vessel, and concealed. A short time after this a vessel was to sail. Mr. W——, an English gentleman, engaged his passage on board of her. The lady was under his protection, and was removed to another vessel that was at anchor very near to the one which was intended to sail. He watched his opportunity, and, as soon as the guard who had been visiting the departing vessel to search for passengers had left her, on their return to the shore, he took the lady in a boat and carried her on board. Unfortunately, however, Henry, who was that day, in the absence of the commandant, the officer of the searching guard, discovered the affair, and immediately returned to the vessel. The generous Mr. W—, had only time to jump into a boat, and save himself by rowing to a British frigate which was just then on her way out of the port, leaving his unprotected charge to the mercy of her enemies. The lady was seized by the soldiers, whose savage looks proclaimed them to be assassins, carried to shore, and thence to the house of Christophe, where she was examined by the general, and ordered to a dungeon. The infernal ministers of vengeance were about to obey the mandates of their chief, when Henry stepped forward, and expressed himself in the following humane and feeling language: "General, you have often promised that you would one day grant me some particular favour; I now request that you will pardon this lady. In apprehending her I did but my duty; but I do not think her deserving of punishment." Christophe complied, and the wretched lady was dis-

charged; but so exasperated was he at Mr. W——, that he declared if he should ever be found in the island again, he should be shot.

The captain of the vessel was then sent for, his vessel having been ordered back. He was threatened with imprisonment and confiscation of his vessel and cargo; but he solemnly persisted in declaring, "that it was without his consent that the woman had been brought on board, and even without his knowledge; that so far from countenancing the thing, he had actually tried to prevent her from coming on board." He was at length dismissed, after a detention of two or three days.

Some time after this, two young ladies applied to the commandant of the place for passports to go to Fort Dauphin, a small town on the coast, a few leagues to the eastward of this. They received them, and embarked on board a small packet boat. Their father, by some means, had escaped the same day, in some American vessel, which being discovered, his daughters were immediately seized, as they had not yet sailed, brought to shore, and cast into prison. This is the last that has been heard of them, and the probability is, that they have long ere this been put to death. It was said that their plan was so arranged as that when they should get outside of the harbour, they were to have been put on board some vessel, waiting there for that purpose, most probably the one in which their father was.

In the early part of March there was here a Danish schooner, said to belong to St. Thomas's. The captain having been offered large sums of money by some of the whites, if he would conceal and carry them off, and being, perhaps, at the same time actuated by sentiments of humanity, resolved upon the attempt. He knew that proclamations had almost every day been issued, prohibiting, under the severest penalties, the taking the subjects of the government from the island, and he also knew that every vessel, on her departure, was strictly examined by the commandant of the place. As it would, therefore, be an extremely hazardous, and, in fact, an impracticable thing, to conceal any number of persons on board his small vessel, he resolved upon an expedient which, if it should answer, would remove every difficulty. This was to bribe the commandant of the place; he accordingly made proposals, which the villain accepted, on condition of receiving sixteen dollars for each passenger. The bargain was concluded, and when the vessel was ready to sail, Richard visited her, and suffered her to pass. At the mouth of the harbour, the Dane found an Indigene barge, apparently waiting to overhaul him, and fearful of such an occurrence, he made some pretence to return, and accordingly came back into port. Several of the passengers, beginning to suspect some foul play, then left the vessel, among whom was a gentleman who formerly resided in Philadelphia, and who communicated to me this circumstance.

On the following morning the schooner again set sail, and as soon as she had got outside of the harbour, was captured by a barge. She was carried into Limbé, a small place not far westward of the Cape, whence information of the affair was sent to Christophe. The inhuman tyrant instantly ordered them all to be put to death; in consequence of which the captain, crew, and all the passengers, twenty-one in number, were murdered. Christophe related this transaction to one of the Americans, at the same time declaring, that if any of his countrymen were detected in a similar attempt, they should meet the same fate.

On the first of this month a British frigate entered the harbour and fired a salute. The commandant of the place, having never before been so highly honoured, and being unacquainted with the formalities used on such occasions, was in the utmost confusion to know how to act. At length, after some deliberation, he got into his boat and went to the frigate. When he came along side, the captain, who had no idea of being made an April fool, refused to let him come on board until the salute was answered. He then returned to the shore, and in the course of an hour or two got a cannon in readiness, and returned the compliment.

I was upon the wharf towards evening, with some others, when one of the officers came on shore, and upon inquiring of him the news, and whence they came, he informed us that they were immediately from Port au Prince, where Dessalines and his troops were massacring the whites. A Frenchman, who was near at hand, overheard this conversation, and instantly flew like lightning. Although we had long been in expectation of such an event, this was the first account that had reached us. The melancholy news spread through the town in a few minutes. The horror and distress which it occasioned is beyond my power to describe. The poor unfortunate wretches who had long been kept in dreadful suspense, expecting every day to be their last, now saw their dreadful anticipations almost realized, for it was very evident, that as soon as the governor general had finished at Port au Prince, he would bring his troops, and perform the second act of the bloody tragedy at the Cape.

The officers of the frigate informed us, that during the massacre at Port au Prince, they saved the lives of many Frenchmen, women, and children, the two former by disguising them as sailors, and the latter by concealing them in their clothes-bags.

I shall now give you a circumstantial relation of an occurrence that took place on the fourth instant, which reflects the highest honour upon the brave tars who were concerned in it. About five o'clock in the evening, the captain of the frigate, a young man apparently about

three and twenty, came on shore with about thirty of his sailors, all of whom were dressed in blue jackets and white trowsers, for the purpose of going to the theatre. Many similar dresses had been previously sent on shore, and others were brought with them, to be distributed privately among the French, that they might put them on, and, at the conclusion of the play, join in with them, and all proceed to the wharf in a gang, thereby to elude the scrutiny of the guard. This scheme was admirably well devised, and had it been carefully pursued, would certainly have succeeded, for as it was dark the false sailors could not have been distinguished from the real ones, and by crowding close together, the soldiers would have been prevented from being too strict in their examination. But an unlucky affair intervened which frustrated the whole plan. It was this:—

The second lieutenant, a young man of superlative courage, but of rather too rash a temper, instead of going to the theatre, paid a visit to an American, who resided in the neighbourhood of the wharf, at whose house there was a French lady, two gentlemen, and a child, preparing themselves for embarkation, in the disguise of sailors. As soon as they were ready, the lieutenant insisted upon their going to the wharf, without waiting for the breaking up of the theatre, and upon their expressing some fear of detection, nobly declared that he would protect them at the hazard of his life. He then wrapped up the child in a bundle of clothes, and putting it under his arm, proceeded with the other three to the wharf, accompanied by a negro servant of one of the Frenchmen, who had generously offered to assist in his master's escape. When they arrived there, they found the guard doubled, and their captain with a lantern. It appeared that some suspicions had arisen among them, from seeing so many Englishmen coming ashore at one time, and Christophe having received advice from Dessalines of the captain's conduct at Port au Prince, warning him to keep a watchful eye upon him, they were determined to be uncommonly vigilant. The French people were instantly discovered, and an alarm was given to the soldiers. The lieutenant, seeing the imminent danger to which his protegés were exposed, but not in the most trivial degree alarmed for his own safety, was resolved upon a bold stroke. The officer of the guard, who opposed their going to the edge of the wharf, he forced on one side, out of the way, pushed them all three into a boat which was lying at the end of the wharf, handed them the child, and ordered the sailors to row off. This they did without delay, and had the good fortune to reach the frigate, where they deposited in safety the four happy fugitives. In the meantime, on the wharf, the officer of the guard, finding it impossible to prevent the French people from getting off, drew his sword upon the lieutenant. The latter in a moment

unsheathed his dirk, and attacked the negro, who fled with considerable impetuosity, with the Englishman close at his heels, crying, "*En vérité monsieur, prenez garde à vous.*" The lieutenant then walked into the coffee-house, which was not far distant, where he had scarcely been five minutes, before he was surrounded by a legion of soldiers with charged bayonets, who had rushed down from the arsenal, on hearing of the disturbance. Joysin, Richard, Ferrier, and many other officers also arrived, blustering, *foutreing*, and threatening the lieutenant with vengeance. The bold officer behaved on the occasion with the most deliberate coolness, handled his dirk again, bade defiance to the whole soldiery, who had formed a complete palisade of bayonets around him, made a resolute stand, and although he did not use precisely the same words, he spoke them in effect—

"By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

At length, after some difficulty, they wrested the weapon from his hand, shut the doors of the house, and sent off an express for Christophe, who was that night in town. The general very shortly came up on his horse in full speed, exasperated to a great degree. When he arrived within a hundred yards of the place, he pronounced in a tone of excessive anger, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça,*" and repeated it until he reached the door of the coffee-house, when he imperiously called out, "Where is the captain of the frigate?" The captain, who had been sent for at the theatre, and had just at that instant arrived, stepped up to the general, and answered "Here I am." "Pray, sir, what is the cause of all this disturbance?" "Why, sir, as far as I can understand, one of your officers has been saucy to my lieutenant." "It is not so sir, your lieutenant has insulted one of my officers." This conversation was so far in French, but the Englishman became so enraged at the haughty tone of the black chief, that he could not find in that language a sufficiency of words to express, with proper force, his opinion upon the subject. He accordingly resorted to his native tongue, and dealt out plentifully some of those phrases which are so peculiar to sailors. Christophe told him to speak French. He would not. The general then spoke freely his mind, with some reflections upon the conduct of the English. The captain could support it no longer, but turned round upon his heel, and said "the d——d black rascals! what are they jawing about? Come aboard boys, come aboard." He then proceeded to the wharf, followed by his men. The general told him to come back, but he took no notice of him. Christophe, still more enraged at this treatment, ordered the soldiers to make the Englishmen embark instantaneously. He then called for the captain of the

guard, who having come forward, he asked him "how he dared to suffer the French people to escape?" The fellow, half frightened to death, answered that "he endeavoured to prevent it, but could not." "*Foutre*," cried the general, "you ought to have made their heads jump first," and like a fury attacked the poor officer with his whip, and beat him in a severe manner. He then rode to the wharf, and again commanded the Englishmen to embark without delay. The captain then stepping up to him, calmly said, "General, I wish to conceal nothing from you; I mean to act upon fair grounds. I have had orders from the king my master to grant protection to every one that applies for it, whether they are friends or enemies, and I'll be d——d if I don't do it. As for my men, I have myself ordered them to embark, but you, nor no other man shall compel me to leave the wharf until I please." The general, after a little conversation, became calm, and fearing, perhaps, the censure of Dessalines if he should be displeased at this affair, which bordered so nearly upon a rupture with his friends the British, was disposed to compromise. He accordingly had the lieutenant's dirk brought, and offered to restore it. The officer refused to accept it without some apology, saying that the act of disarming him was a declaration of war against the king of Great Britain. The general assured him that no concessions would be made; the captain then stated that "he would send a flag of truce on shore on the following day, to demand in regular form satisfaction for the insult," and as soon as his own boat had arrived for him, he bade the general a good night, and went on board.

About nine o'clock on the succeeding morning, the first lieutenant of the frigate came on shore with a flag of truce, and a letter to Christophe, demanding an apology. The general still refused one, and replied for answer, that "the captain was too young a man to take notice of." This caused a second letter from the captain, in which he stated, that "as young a man as his excellency the general might please to think him, the king of Great Britain had considered him capable of commanding one of his ships of war, and while he was in that capacity, he would never see the British flag insulted." The general still persisted, and at length entered into conversation with the lieutenant. "Pray sir," said he, "do you suppose that if we wished to destroy all the whites in the island, you could prevent it?"—"Why general," replied the Englishman coolly, "I do not say that we *would* prevent it; but as to our being able to do it, that is quite a different sort of thing." This answer inflamed Christophe still more, and the lieutenant returned to his ship without having accomplished the object of his mission.

On the following morning we discovered that the frigate during the night had been warped in close to the shore; her broadside was displayed to the town; she had springs on her cables; and her hammocks all arranged over the gunwale, in battle order; the tomkins were even out of the guns, and every thing in complete readiness for firing upon the town. Most of the Americans staid on board of their vessels, every moment expecting the attack; but nothing was done. The ship lay in that position all day, and at night resumed her old station. The alarm excited in the town upon this conduct of the English commander, was considerable, and four hundred troops were immediately marched in for its defence. During the night a boat was sent on shore for a pilot; they succeeded in getting one, but not without hazard, for the boat was discovered and fired at by the soldiers, one of whom wounded the pilot in the arm. Orders, it appears, had been issued, forbidding the pilots to assist in conducting the frigate out of the harbour.

On the 7th inst. this ship sailed, and as she passed fort Picolet her courses were hauled up, and every preparation made for engagement, in case she should be attacked. No attempt was, however, made to molest her, and she departed in peace. The number of French persons that made their escape in this frigate is said to have been about thirty, and many others might have been equally successful, had they been possessed of sufficient resolution to have hazarded the attempt. Previous to his departure, the captain in a conversation with an American gentleman, declared that "if, during the quarrel on the wharf, he had only said one word to his sailors, they would have picked up Christophe, his horse, and his whole gang, and carried them on board the frigate."

## NOTES

*Made in* 1809, *at the time of the publication of the foregoing letter.*

Mr. B. one of the Frenchmen who escaped through the bravery of the lieutenant of the British frigate, as above related, now resides in Philadelphia. He some time ago informed me, that through the friendship of general Romain, a black chief, now a general of division in Christophe's army, he was first advised of the danger in which the whites were of being massacred, and that it was through his admonition he undertook the attempt for his escape.

The frigate noticed in the preceding letter was the Desirée. The captain was Whitby, the same who has been the cause of so much uneasiness in the United States. It is much to be regretted, that a man possessed of so much humanity, even towards his enemies, should have been the unlucky perpetrator of an act which has been justly considered in our country as a wanton and flagrant violation of the laws of nations.

The name of the second lieutenant was *Burtz*, I believe the same who afterwards commanded his majesty's schooner Redbridge.

Sometime after the departure of the Desirée from the Cape, she went to Jamaica. An English gentleman who went passenger in her, and whom I afterwards saw, related to me the following anecdote, to which he was witness. He went one day with captain Whitby on board of the admiral's ship to pay their respects to the admiral, Sir John Duckworth. After some conversation relative to the affair that had happened at the Cape, Sir John addressed himself to Whitby in the following harsh language, uttered with warmth, and accompanied by his usual lisp: "What! you young son of a b——, threaten to blow a town down, and not do it: G— d—— you—You're a disgrace to his majesty's service—I'll report you to the lords of the admiralty, and you shall be tried and hanged, by G—."

## CRITICISM——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## "SPAIN, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM,"

### A NATIONAL ODE,

*Sung by Mr. Caulfield at the new Exchange Coffeehouse, Boston, at a public festival given in honour of the Spanish patriots, by the citizens of Boston, January* 24, 1809.

Written by ROBERT TREAT PAINE, Junr.

"*ARMA VIROSQUE CANO.*"

'What a plague ails the man,' quoth friar John, 'start, staring mad, or bewitched on my word. What o'devil has he swallowed, that he thus peppers it away in this maggoty crambo vein.'

"Then Pantagruel chid friar John and said,

"Bold monk, forbear, this I'll assure ye,
"Proceeds all from poetic fury," &c.

WHEN the sage Pantagruel and his merry companions, after touching at Pope Figue Land, the *Isle of Odes*, and divers other places, not laid down in the maps, came at last to the Oracle of

the Holy Bottle; they forthwith became grievously possessed with the spirit of fustian, and began to rhyme incontinently out of all reason.

Whoever reads the colossal ode, which, for our sins, or rather the sins of the author, we have undertaken to dissect, will naturally conclude that our gigantic poet had just returned from a visit to this same oracle, and became in like manner, to use the words of the renowned Pantagruel, inspired with poetic fury. The poem is undoubtedly written in the true spirit of an oracle, though not that of the Delphic god, for it is sublime, prophetic, and unintelligible.

The author bounces in upon us like a doughty stage king, with a most alarming blast of trumpets,

"Sound the trumpet of fame!"

A man whose imagination was apt to gambol a little, might here fancy he saw the poet pushing in a queer, bewhiskered, little High-Dutch trumpeter before him, mounted on a Canada poney, and ordering him, under pain of losing his long queue, to "sound the trumpet of Fame," and demand the attention of the whole universe to what he is going to say or sing. Let us hear what they have got to say, for really both poet and trumpeter seem to be charged up to the muzzle with combustibles and inspiration.

Sound the trumpet of FAME! swell that paean again!
Religion a war against TYRANNY wages:
From her couch springs in ARMOUR REGENERATE SPAIN,
Like a GIANT *refresh'd* by the *slumber* of AGES!
From the cell where she lay,
She leaps in array,
Like AJAX to DIE in the face of the day:
CHORUS.
And swears from POLLUTION her EMPIRE to save,
Her FLAG and her ALTARS, her HOME and her GRAVE!

Well blown little trumpeter! or rather well sung great poet—"great let us call him, for he conquered *us*"—we mean our *gravity*. In this verse we are informed that Spain is *regenerated*, like a huge giant, who being overtaken in liquor perhaps, (for your giants were huge drinkers) fell asleep some hundred years ago, and not having the good fortune to be awakened, like Polyphemus, with a redhot poker, continued to snore away most lustily till the other day. Being at length, however, awakened, he starts up, rubs his eyes, or rather his eye—your genuine giants having but one peeper—yawns, stretches, and stares with gigantic astonishment, on being solemnly assured by his poet

laureat that he has "slumbered for ages." But before we can well digest this giant story, up rides the little trumpeter, who flatly contradicts the poet, maintaining that Spain is not like a giant, but like Ajax, who being a brave man, and true muddy-brained hero, desperately rushes forth from his cell—(how he got there the Lord knows)—determined to "die in the face of the day," on purpose, I suppose, that people might see what a handsome corpse he would make. We were at first in pain least this dispute might occasion a breach between the poet and the trumpeter; but our fears soon subsided on seeing the former fly off at a tangent, in pursuit of a "standard," which, "like a comet," is to "consume while it lightens the neighbouring sky." Candour, however, and a high respect for well-born and legitimate comparison, oblige us to declare, that both the trumpeter and poet are mistaken in supposing that Spain is either "like a giant" or "like Ajax." We think we see her rise up indignant at this disgraceful charge, and exclaim in the language of Glumdalca, "We are no *giant*, we are a GIANTESS!" As to her being like Ajax, the resemblance is nought, unless it can be proved that in imitation of that valiant blockhead, she has exchanged garments with the redoubted Hector Bonaparte, and is now vapouring about in a pair of his breeches—a thing as impossible as for the aforesaid Glumdalca to wear the breeches of Tommy Thumb.

The poet, it would seem, having drawn a little more inspiration from the oracular bottle, seizes the little trumpeter by the leg, and probably in revenge for daring to differ with him, fairly oversets him in the dirt, so that we hear no more of him, through the whole course of the poem. The poet then mounts the Canada poney, buries his spurs in his side, and scrambles to the very crack-sculled top of Parnassus, where he beholds such sights as baffle all the wonders of Mahomet's dream, or the vision of Don Quixote in Montesino's cave.

"O'er her *hills see* the DAYSTAR of GLORY advance!
Its beams warm her CLIFFS, and unfetter her *fountains!*
But A PESTILENT PLANET it blazes on FRANCE!
A METEOR of BLOOD, through the MIST of the MOUNTAINS!
*Like a* DREAM *in the* AIR,
See the PYRENEES glare!
A CASTLE OF FIRE—on a ROCK *blear and bare!*"

As we never yet suspected Mr. Paine, or indeed *any other Eastern luminary*, of writing what neither he, or any body else, could possibly understand, we took uncommon pains to discover the mystic meaning of this alarming verse. But alas! for us, it was a perfect *terra incognita*, that eluded all our circumnavigations and we resigned it with a

sigh of bitter despondency to the unconquerable industry of some future Dutch commentator, who being born in the region of fogs, may perhaps be able to grope through a mist, that to us is impenetrable. Such a medley of metaphorical confusion—such a desperate conflict of "stars," "planets," "meteors," and "castles of fire," each striving for the mastery of the poet's imagination, doubtless never yet was seen in literary warfare. Would that he had contented himself with his single "DAYSTAR," which is as much as one man can cleverly manage. He might then perhaps have kept his sanity a little longer, and saved us all the bitter yearnings we felt, on beholding the desolation of his brain by this intestine commotion of rebellious metaphors.

Notwithstanding the ever to be lamented obscurity that pervades this gigantic, and enormous little ode, we do the author the justice to believe he would have made it more clear if he could. Indeed he has spared no pains to eke out his struggling meaning, with dashes, pauses, italics, black-letter, and capitals of all dimensions; not to mention a profusion of upstart notes of admiration, that, like little militia corporals, flank his lines, and strut about with enormous feathers in their hats. We are always sad, when we see a hapless author under the necessity of dizening out his Muse with such vulgar ornaments; and when we first beheld the multitude of these lights thrown out to illuminate or to allure, we could not help auguring that the reader would fare like the traveller who is cheered with the sight of a house of entertainment at a distance, but approaching, finds it empty and unfurnished, as the poet's lodging, or the politician's brain.

We shall quote one more specimen, not because it is much more unintelligible than the rest, but merely to show that what has been already selected, is not the accidental nodding of Homer, or the sudden frenzy of a combustible imagination, hurried for a moment by uncontrolable impulse beyond the sober meridian of reason, but the regular flow of the poet's genius, running through and pervading the whole poem.

> "Bright *Day of the* WORLD—dart thy lustre *afar!*
> *Fire* the NORTH with thy *heat*—*gild* the SOUTH with thy *splendor!*
> With thy *glance* light the TORCH of REDINTEGRANT WAR,
> Till the *dismember'd* EARTH *effervesce* and RE-GENDER!
> Through *each zone* may'st thou roll,
> 'Till thy beams at the pole,
> Melt PHILOSOPHY'S ICE in the SEA of the SOUL!

Bless us—what a volcanic verse we have here! and what a quantity of ashes, and pumice-stones, our poet heaves out of the crater of his imagination! Who, but fancies he beholds Mount Etna vomiting

fire, and pouring from a dozen new openings, as many rivers of red hot lava—as hot indeed as that same "bright day of the world," which, among other unheard of achievements, is to "melt Philosophy's Ice in the Sea of the Soul." Heaven preserve the well-scoured pewter dishes of our good housewives—we fear many a one will rue that day! Whether there is any connexion between the volcanic eruption of the poet, and that which happened at Mount Etna, sometime in March last, must be left to the curious in these matters, for our parts, we seriously advise Mr. Paine, who seems to contain a prodigious quantity of positive electricity, never in summer time, to be without a lightning rod fastened to his cap—and if it happens that he wears a cocked hat, by all means to have one erected on each corner.

The poet, as might reasonably be expected, *goes out*, almost immediately after this tremendous explosion, sufficient in all conscience to exhaust the bowels of any volcano in the whole world, not excepting Etna, Hecla, or Robert Treat Paine. He writes but one more verse, at the end of which, being quite consumed, he quietly ascends to the clouds, like the caput mortuum of an old newspaper, or a dry leaf in a whirlwind.

Several reasons have prompted us to pay more than ordinary attention to this little production, which is secured to the author by copy-right. Of course he has a right to all we can say on the subject. In addition to this, Mr. Paine is a gentleman of considerable reputation, at least in the *enlightened east*, which being the quarter whence the sun rises, is certainly a very respectable portion of the Union. His example, may therefore be in the highest degree dangerous to the youth of America, and his volcanic explosions, occasion many mischievous imitations, to the great annoyance of the good citizens of the United States. In the happy and most enlightened city of New-York, there is a law, which is, however, never enforced, preventing the letting off of all manner of fireworks, the explosion of powder, and the firing of pop-guns; yet no sooner doth the famous Mr. De La Croix, exhibit at Vauxhall Garden his burning suns, brimstone stars, hissing serpents, and crackling skyrockets, but all the little urchins in the town, straightway expend their pocket money in powder, and what with blowing up of hats, and other scurvy devices, occasion much mischief by frightening old women, horses and militia officers. Thus, peradventure, might it have fared with the good citizens of Boston, who, seduced into an imitation of Mr. Paine's sublime eruptions of fancy, and fireworks, would henceforward have groaned under the dominion of those direful evils which desolate the fertile fields of classic Italy, and at length been buried like Herculaneum, under the burning lava of his

brain, had we not thus opportunely stepped forward to warn them against so dire a misfortune.

Thus far, with the greatest good humour, and without a particle of prejudice against our poet, have we made ourselves merry with the tumid style of one of his most hasty effusions, which, we are confident, Mr. P. by no means considers as the *only* pledge of his power. He has written variously, and he has often written well, with much of the ardor of patriotism and much of the enthusiasm of poetry. Our object is to warn him against the liberal use of that style, which, unhappily, is too fashionable among our brethren of New England. Let him invest some of his bold conceptions in the language of simplicity, perspicuity, and grace, and he need not shrink from the scrutiny of Criticism.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

In the Boston Patriot, a gazette, published in the capital of New England, a column, withdrawn from Politics, is sometimes lent to Literature. The following animated ode, with the exception of an occasional obscurity, appears to merit the favourable regard of the patriotic public. The introduction, in terms warmly encomiastic, is the production of a friend, whose genius and taste demand that he should be regarded in any light but that of a mere flatterer. Mr. Paine is unquestionably a man of genius, and had he been educated at Oxford, or Edinburg, even his enemies would not have carped at his Muse. But, in his juvenile days at least, fustian was the fashion in the *Eastern* schools, and his fine talents have been injured, in the opinion of the fastidious, by an absurd and erroneous discipline, and the study of spurious models. But it is in his power amply to vindicate his Fame, and break all the shackles, which the *Genius Loci* has formed.—*Editor.*

The FAUSTUS ASSOCIATION celebrated its anniversary at the *Exchange Coffeehouse.* An appropriate ode was composed for the occasion by R. T. PAINE, jun. Esq.

"THE celebrity of Mr. Paine, cannot be augmented by any praise of ours. When the founders of the Federal-street theatre, to incite the genius of the nation, proposed a medal for a prologue; Mr. Paine, al-

though a stripling, entered the lists and bore away the palm. The gentlemen selected for arbiters and who unanimously awarded the prize, possessed a pure and refined taste and impartial and enlightened minds. Since that signal triumph of his muse, he has occasionally written and published odes, songs, and poems, whose general success has been wholly unrivalled in America. He is now revising and enlarging what is already in the hands of the public, and is adding some new pieces of great merit; the whole of which will be shortly issued from the press of Mr. Belcher in an octavo volume. Mr. Paine is now solely devoted to his books and his muse, and if his feeble constitution does not prematurely yield, he will raise a monument to our national glory, whose splendor will dissipate the Bœotian darkness which has hitherto so generally shrouded the genius of our literature.

"The present ode was written at the request of the *Faustus Association*, upon a short notice. It flashed from the poet's pen at a single heat. But it is nevertheless pregnant with the history of the art which it celebrates; with allusions and illustrations vigorously bold, and classically beautiful; and notwithstanding the shackles of writing to music, the style is masculine and poetic.

"The great stages of the art are poetically described in the three first verses; to each of which there is an appropriate chorus. Printing upon blocks with immovable types was invented by the descendants of Noah, "on the tent-plains of Shinah," and was nearly coeval with the first rude essays at agriculture. But the art remained in this state of imperfection, till "father *Faust* broke her tablet of wood," and invented the movable type. In succeeding generations the art received various improvements, prior to the era of *Franklin*, who first united the genius of philosophy to the art of the mechanic.

"How would Antiquity hide her diminished head, could she burst her cearments, and survey the comforts and elegances, which flow from the art and science of modern life? Her heroes and sages would shed

"Tears of blood on the spot where the world they had led,"

at their limited means of greatness; but they would with holy aspirations bless the "genius of type," which had so widely diffused their glory and so permanently embalmed their fame.

"The concluding verse impresses a salutary lesson and conveys a noble moral. We fervently hope that neither the lesson, nor the moral will pass unregarded by the conductors of literary and political Journals; for they stand at the fountains of public opinion and direct the course of its torrents." *Boston Patriot.*

## AN ODE.

Tune—"*Adams and Liberty.*"

On the tent-plains of Shinah,—truth's mystical clime,
When the impious turret of Babel was shatter'd,
Lest the tracks of our race, in the sand-drift of Time,
Should be buried, when Shem, Ham, and Japeth were scatter'd,
Rose the Genius of Art,
Man to man to impart
By a language, that speaks, through the eye, to the heart.

CHORUS.

Yet rude was Invention, when Art she reveal'd,
For a block stamp'd the page, and a tree plough'd the field.

As Time swept his pennons, Art sigh'd as she view'd
How dim was the image her emblem reflected;
When, inspir'd, Father Faust broke her tablet of wood,
Wrought its parts into shape, and the whole reconnected,
Art with Mind now could rove,
For her symbols could move,
Ever casting new shades, like the leaves of a grove.

CHORUS.

And the colours of thought in their elements run,
As the prismatic glass shows the hues of the sun.

In the morn of the west, as the light roll'd away
From the gray eve of regions by bigotry clouded,
With the dawn woke our Franklin, and glancing the day,
Turn'd its beams thro' the mist, with which Art was enshrouded;
To kindle her shrine,
His Promethean line
Drew a spark from the clouds, and made Printing divine!

CHORUS.

When the fire, by his rod, was attracted from heaven,
Its flash, by the type, his conductor, was given.

Ancient wisdom may boast of the spice and the weed,
Which embalm'd the cold forms of its heroes and sages;
But their fame lives alone on the leaf of the reed;
Which has grown thro' the clefts in the ruins of ages;
Could they rise, they would shed,
Like Cicero's head,
Tears of blood on the spot, where the world they had led.

CHORUS.

Of Pompey and Cæsar unknown is the tomb,
But the Type is their forum—the Page is their Rome.

Blest Genius of Type!—down the vista of time,
As thy flight leaves behind thee this vex'd generation,
Oh! transmit on thy scroll, this bequest from our clime,
The Press can cement, or dismember a nation.
Be thy temple the mind!
There like Vesta enshrin'd,
Watch and foster the Flame, which inspires human kind!

CHORUS.

Preserving all arts, may all arts cherish thee;
And thy Science and Virtue teach man to be free!

## AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### THE WOODLANDS.

Of this beautiful villa to give an adequate description, the powers of genius should be united with the ardour of enthusiasm.

The grounds, which occupy an extent of nearly ten acres, are laid out with uncommon taste; and in the construction of the edifice solidity and elegance are combined. The building is of stone, and in the Doric order; the north front is ornamented, in the centre, by six Ionic pilasters, and on each side with a pavilion; the south front by a magnificent portico, twenty-four feet in height, supported by six stately Tuscan columns.

At the entrance, by the north door, where there is a vestibule sixteen feet in diameter, a corridor leads on the east side to a fine oval dining room thirty feet by twenty-two, and another on the west to the library, a square room with two bows, thirty feet by eighteen. In this latter apartment, among other models of the art, are three excellent paintings which must always be viewed with pleasure, and ought not to pass unnoticed: a portrait of Andrew Hamilton, the first of this family who settled in North America, and whose fame for eloquence and profound legal knowledge will be long remembered, a masterly copy

by Wertmuller, from an original by Sir Godfrey Kneller; the second is a whole length figure of the late James Hamilton, by West; and the other a highly finished picture of St. Ignatius at prayers, by Murillo.

With these two rooms communicate two others of smaller size, which may be justly called two large cabinets of gems. "On every side the living canvas speaks." The walls are decorated with the works of several of the ancient painters, from the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools, many of which are of great merit. Those perhaps most conspicuously eminent are four very fine paintings by Gerhard Douw, a delicious fruit piece by Van Huysum, and a Holy Family by Schudt. Let it be mentioned, however, to the praise of a living artist, Wertmuller, that, compared with all these fine specimens of the ancients, his exquisite picture of a half length Danae, ranks among them as proudly preeminent. From either of these cabinets the entrance is to a grand saloon, possessing local advantages unusually attractive. It measures forty-three feet by twenty, and seventeen feet in height. One end of it is graced by an admirable figure of Antinous, in statuary marble, and the other by a beautiful group of Apollo in pursuit of Daphne with Peneus at her feet, executed in bronze, in a style worthy the Grecian sculptors.

If thus far the eye has been pleased from viewing these fine productions of art, how much more will it be gratified when contemplating the prospect that bursts upon the sight from the centre of this saloon! The verdant mead, the spacious lawn, Schuylkill's lucid stream, the floating bridge, the waves here checked by the projecting rock, there overshadowed by the inclining trees, until by meandering in luxuriant folds, the winding waters lead the entranced eye to Delaware's proud river, on whose swelled bosom rich merchant ships are seen descending fraught with the vast surplus of our fertile soil, or others mounting heavily the stream, deep laden with the wealth of foreign climes.

Such are, in part, the beauties of this delightful scenery, and had the view terminated with high lands, or some o'ertowering mountain, no prospect could have been more perfect.

The attention is next excited by the grounds, in the arrangement of which the hand of Taste is every where discerned. Foreign trees from China, Italy, and Turkey, chosen for their rich foliage, or balmy odours, are diffusely scattered, or mingled with sweet shrubs and plants, bordering the walks; and as the fragrant path winds round, openings, judiciously exposed, such as the situation of the lands and rivers best admits, diversify the scene. At one spot the city, with its lofty spire, appears; at another, a vast expanse of water; at a third, ver-

dure and water, happily blending, form a complete landscape; and again another, where the champaign country is broken with inequality of ground. Now, at the descent, is seen a creek, o'erhung with rocky fragments, and shaded by the thick forest's gloom. Ascending thence, towards the western side of the mansion, the green-house presents itself to view, and displays to the observer a scene, than which nothing that has preceded it can excite more admiration. The front, including the hot-house on each side, measures one hundred and forty feet, and it contains nearly ten thousand plants, out of which number may be reckoned between five and six thousand of different species, procured at much trouble and expense, from many remote parts of the globe, from South America, the Cape of Good Hope, the Brazils, Botany Bay, Japan, the East and West Indies, &c. &c. This collection, for the beauty and rich variety of its exotics, surpasses any thing of the kind on this continent; and, among many other rare productions to be seen, are the bread-fruit tree, cinnamon, allspice, pepper, mangoes, different sorts, sago, coffee from Bengal, Arabia, and the West-Indies, tea, green and bohea, mahogany, magnolias, Japan rose, rose apples, cherimolia, one of the most esteemed fruits of Mexico, bamboo, Indian god tree, iron tree of China, ginger, olea fragrans, and several varieties of the sugar cane, five species of which are from Otaheite. To this green-house, so richly stored, too much praise can hardly be given. The curious person views it with delight, and the naturalist quits it with regret.

To the honour of the tasteful proprietor of this place it must be observed, that to him we are indebted for having first brought into this country the Lombardy poplar, now so usefully ornamental to our cities, as well as to many of our villas. To him we likewise owe the introduction of various other foreign trees which now adorn our grounds, such as the sycamore, the witch elm, the Tartarian maple, &c. Although much is done to beautify this delightful seat, much still remains to be done, for the perfecting it in all the capabilities which Nature, in her boundless profusion, has bestowed. These improvements, it is said, fill up the leisure, and form the most agreeable occupation of its possessor; and that he may long live to pursue this refined pleasure, must be the wish of the public at large, for to them so much liberality has ever been shown in the free access to the house and grounds, that of the enjoyment of the fruits of his care and cultivated taste, it may truly be said, *Non sibi sed aliis.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MARKETS OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA has been building about one hundred and twenty years; the dwelling houses have gradually multiplied to about twelve thousand. The ground within the precincts has increased in value, from nothing, to prices, in some situations, equal to ten dollars for every square foot. Buildings, twenty-five feet in breadth by fifty in depth, and forty in height, have increased in their annual value or rent, from forty dollars to twelve hundred. The ground composing the scite, and appendage of these buildings, has thus been made to produce an income of a dollar for every square foot, and a space of ground, composing about thirteen hundred acres, which, a century ago produced a rent of a few hundred dollars, has finally, by the progress of the country in population and riches, been made to produce a clear rent of not less than two millions of dollars: the real value, therefore, cannot fall short of thirty-three millions of dollars, or twenty thousand dollars an acre. These are very curious and surprising facts; the series or progress of which may be easily perceived in its commencement and close: but it would be very difficult to trace with accuracy, step by step. This task must be reserved for the men called antiquaries, of which, it is somewhat surprising, that so few have yet sprung up in our own country.

The public buildings of this city may be divided into public and municipal halls, theatres, churches, exchanges, public offices, prisons, banks and halls of particular societies or trades. The first and second seem to form necessary appendages of every town, since the business of the town must be transacted in some public building, and markets for provisions must be held in some public place. They were very naturally united in the early period of this city. The good old fashion of their own country induced the early colonists to fill up the middle of a street with their market place. For this purpose they laid a wooden roof formed into an elliptical arch in the inside, with lath and plaister, and covered on the outside with cedar shingles, on two rows of low brick square pillars. The intervals between the pillars in the same row were partly occupied by platforms for butchers and herb women, to whom they were rented by the city from year to year. The breadth between the rows was about twelve feet, was paved with brick laid on their broadsides, and forming oblique and intersecting lines.

They naturally chose for the situation of their market, the broadest street, which, being the middle one, and running with undiminished breadth through the whole extent of the place from east to west, was

remarkably adapted to this purpose. The market could thus be conveniently extended on the same plan, from time to time, as the increase of buildings towards the west required, without any necessary encroachment on the original design. This plan has not received any improvement since the foundation of the city, and does not seem susceptible of any. It began at Second street, and since has been successively extended to Front street on one side, and Fourth street on the other, forming three detached parts in one line, the breaks or openings taking place at the intersections of the transverse streets with the main one.

Notwithstanding the vast progress of the city in population since the Revolution, only one of three parts, all of which are nearly equal in extent to each other, has been added in the last thirty years. This has been occasioned by the advance of buildings chiefly north and south adjacent to the Delaware, the great theatre of commerce. The demand for additional market room has occasioned a new market to be built on the borders of Southwark, in which the original fashion has been scrupulously followed. A very wide street forming a continuation of Second street, between Pine and Cedar streets, has been intersected by a market place, the extent of which has been about doubled since the Revolution, of the same form and materials with the old one. A new market of the same structure, but disposed in two sides of a small square, has likewise started up in the Northern Liberties. North New Market street is thus already fully occupied. Besides these streets, and High street, there is but one other street of great width, which is Great Dock street, but that, being of small extent, intermediate between the Old and New Markets, and adjacent to the Delaware, will never be in any particular demand as a market place. New markets must be formed in public squares, if formed at all; but the continuation of the ancient market will probably supply the new demand for half a century to come.

Since the visits of the Yellow Fever, the building tide has flowed westward with new and wonderful force, and the completion of the market between the two rivers will probably take place in the present generation. The original choice of a scite will deprive this edifice of many pretensions to magnificence: but a uniform open arcade mathematically straight, two miles in length, perfect in its symmetry, gracefully broken by the water building in its centre, which will naturally constitute a member of it, and by the intersecting streets, and opening on a noble bridge, lying in the same line, at Schuylkill, will never be a contemptible object. It is to be hoped, no pragmatical architect will destroy this symmetry, by adopting new dimensions as to height or breadth, and taking a different curve for his arch. Different materials might perhaps, be advantageously employed, if the whole were to be

built anew, and at one time—piers and pavements might be made of stone instead of brick, and the wooden roof supplied with one of stone. This will be done, when the fathers of the city shall have learned that true taste will always bestow the greatest magnificence on structures of the highest utility, and that the most solid and durable are always in the long run, the cheapest edifices. The design needs no alteration, the piers are square, massive, simple in their mouldings, and short, all which are highly proper. The roof could not be higher without deforming the street, and incommoding the inhabitants, and the arch below and pediment above, are pleasing and graceful. When the whole is completed as to length, very few cities in Europe, and certainly none in America, can show any thing of this kind equal to it in real usefulness and dignity.

Brick, is a most wretched material for any edifice. The friction of carriages, and the violence of rude hands, make speedy havoc among its curvatures and mouldings. The mortar soon crumbles away, in the numberless minute junctures, and leaves unseemly gaps, and the wrinkles of premature old age. The air corrodes and discolours it with the most gloomy and dismal shades. Part of these evils may be remedied by the occasional use of paint, and even of lime, in white and yellow washes; and the great zeal there is in our city of late years for cleanliness and purity, makes it very surprising to me, that the plan of painting or whitewashing the market places has not been adopted. It would give an air of freshness to the building, and of neatness and gayety to the street, in which they have hitherto been miserably deficient.

This building was originally carried up another story, at the corner of Second street, and a small room, with a balcony and stair-case toward the street, was for many years, the public or legislative hall, not only for the city, but for the province. From this balcony proclamations were originally made of the Independence of America, but the little, old, low building with its antiquated *sharp roof*, though sufficiently in unison with the narrowness of the space at the opening of two streets, bore very little proportion to the grandeur and importance of the ceremony. It was soon deserted by legislative bodies. It was used for a time as a minor court of justice, but has for a long time been no more than a watch house, the rendezvous of the night watch.

A finishing pediment has been erected at the Delaware end of this market, and either end of the southern market, where local business is transacted. Close rooms over open arcades employed as thoroughfares or markets, are common throughout Europe. They are even found in Italy, where the Roman times afforded them no patterns of

this sort. They seem to be recommended by nothing but economy of room and money.

To complete the harmony of this plan, and supply the extremes, as well as the middle of the city, with so useful an appendage, there is an opening or widening of the street in the Northen Liberties similar to that towards the south. This widening in the street is hardly less spacious, but not so long. The buildings however, are judiciously constructed after the same fashion of convenience and simplicity.

A pretty lantern surmounts the termination of each of the northern and southern markets. This does not conform to the ancient plan, but is an elegant and judicious improvement.

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE ensuing essay, written without the slightest tincture of party or prejudice, is the production of the celebrated M. Dutens. It is the most terse and concise sketch of the history of a celebrated epoch which we have ever perused, and is entitled to equal respect and attention when it is remembered that it is the unbiassed testimony of an eyewitness, who by an intimate acquaintance with the world, had long cured himself of all prejudices derived from his birth, and who was wholly unconnected with the affairs of his country.—*Editor.*

With the dreadful revolution in France there is nothing to be compared in all that we have read in ancient and modern history. The first cause, and unhappily the most efficient, was, without doubt, the annihilation of all sense of religion. Voltaire was the grand mechanist of this change. He worked at it constantly during sixty years: his associates, D'Alembert, the Baron de Holbach, Condorcet, Diderot, Helvetius, &c. seconded him with an inconceivable ardour, of which I have often been witness. They had followers among the nobility, the magistracy, the clergy in France, and out of France, and friends even among the crowned heads, who flattered them in order to be praised by them. Men so misled by false philosophy, could not fail of acting as the French did act.

This licentiousness of mind was followed by licentiousness of manners. It was the corrupt fruit of the same diabolical seed. History does not furnish examples of so great a number of crimes, of so general a perversity,

of such frightful attrocities as that unfortunate kingdom experienced during fifteen years.

The last thirty years of Louis XVth were a succession of shameful excesses, which gave a large scope to the avidity of courtiers, to the corrupt influence of mistresses, and inspired the people with a contempt for the court. Louis XVI, at his accession to the throne, found the finances in a state of dilapidation; it was not in his power to renovate them. Against his advice and inclination, his ministers and the public cry engaged in the alliance with America. I was then at Paris; I remarked the effect that the word *Liberty* produced in every mind. They sent up their prayers for the Americans: they rejoiced in their successes. The French, in wishing them liberty, by a natural recurrence of thought, wished it also for themselves.

That alliance cost France prodigious sums, and greatly augmented her debt. To remedy these evils, the *Notables* were assembled. The next step was the convocation of the *States-General*. Necker, aiming at popularity, doubled the *Tiers-Etat*. Feeling its strength, the *Tiers-Etat* constituted itself a National Assembly, inviting the nobility and clergy to unite with it: and it is from this moment that the ruin of the monarchy may be dated.

Another cause, which led to the ruin of the kingdom, was the jealousy that the inferior nobility had of the higher ranks, who treated them with as little respect as the gentlemen themselves treated the citizens. Thus the desire that the inferior nobility had to lessen the great, joined to the hope that the citizens, tradesmen, attornies, and scriveners had to being on a level with themselves, the nobility in general formed altogether a union of public opinion, which nothing could withstand, and which soon discovered itself by the abolition of the nobility, produced the fatal principle of equality and sacrificed the king.

To these causes may be added, the goodness of Louis XVI, the affability of the Queen, the facility with which they allowed themselves to be approached, the suppers, at court, in short, all that served to familiarise society with the throne served to degrade the Royal Majesty, which never had more need of adding to its dignity, than at the moment when every thing conspired to abase it.

Such were the causes that produced the French revolution. The consequences are to be found in history: they are written in letters of blood; and so well engraved on the memories of our contemporaries, that it is useless to repeat them.

We see by this picture of the causes of the revolution, how necessary it is for a State highly to respect religion; how much the example of princes is necessary to the support of good morals; and how much a wise administration of the finances influences the happiness of a country. We may see also how pernicious is the principle of equality, and consequently how necessary is the distinction of the different classes in society, and lastly we may perceive of what importance to the safety of the monarchical State is the dignity of the throne, and a veneration for the monarch who fills it.

## MEMOIRS OF HUTCHINSON.

THE relict of colonel Hutchinson, who was governor of Nottingham Castle during the rebellion, and the usurpation by the long parliament of the fanatics in the reign of Charles I, wrote the memoirs of her husband in a style of elegant simplicity, and in the spirit of romantic affection. The Edinburg reviewers thus beautifully portray the character of this lady, and contrast the fine yet modest features of her mind with the licentious audacity of Madam Roland.

MAKING a slight deduction for a few traits of austerity, borrowed from the bigotry of the age, we do not know where to look for a more noble and engaging character, than that under which this lady presents herself to her readers; nor do we believe that any age of the world has produced so worthy a counterpart to the Valerias and Portias of antiquity. With a high-minded feeling of patriotism and public honour, she seems to have been possessed by the most dutiful and devoted attachment to her husband; and to have combined a taste for learning and the arts, with the most active kindness and munificent hospitality to all who came within the sphere of her bounty. To a quick perception of character, she appears to have united a masculine force of understanding, and a singular capacity for affairs; and to have possessed and excercised all those talents, without affecting any superiority over the rest of her sex, or abandoning, for a single instant, the delicacy and reserve, which were then its most indispensable ornaments. Education, certainly, is far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old by a better and more exalted standard, and whether the most eminent female of the present day would not appear to a disadvantage by the side of Mrs. Hutchinson. There is, for the most part, something intriguing, profligate, and theatrical in the clever women of this generation; and we are dazzled by their brilliancy and delighted with their talent, we can scarcely ever guard against some distrust of their judgment, or some suspicion of their purity. There is something in the domestic virtue and the calm and commanding mind of Mrs. H. that makes the Corinnas and Heloises appear very small and insignificant.

The admirers of modern talent will not accuse us of choosing an ignoble competitor, if we desire them to weigh the merits of Mrs. H. against those of Madam Roland. The English revolutionist did not indeed compose weekly pamphlets and addresses to the municipalities—because it was not the fashion in her days to print every thing that entered into the heads of politicians. But she shut herself up with her husband, in the garrison with which he was entrusted, and shared his counsels as well as his hazards.

She encouraged the troops by her cheerfulness and heroism, ministered to the sick, and dressed with her own hands the wounds of the captives as well as of their victors. When her husband was imprisoned on groundless suspicions, she laboured without ceasing for his deliverance, confounded his oppressors by her eloquence and arguments, tended him with unshaken fortitude in sickness and solitude, and, after his decease, dedicated herself to form his children to the example of his virtues; and drew up the memorial, which is now before us, of his worth and her own genius and affection. All this, too, she did without stepping beyond the province of a private woman,—without hunting after compliments to her own genius or beauty—without sneering at the dulness, or murmuring at the coldness of her husband, without hazarding the fall of her country on the dictates of her own enthusiasm, or fancying that she was born with talents to enchant and regenerate the world. With equal power of discriminating character, with equal candour and eloquence and zeal for the public good, she is elevated beyond her French competitor by superior prudence and modesty, and by a certain simplicity and purity of character, of which, it appears to us, that the other was unable to form a conception.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Remarks on the writings of Lord Bacon, translated from the lectures of M. Garat, professor of metaphysics in the Normal schools of France.*

THE first of the inventors of the analysis of the human understanding, and undoubtedly the first in genius, as well as in date, is Lord Bacon. Scarce had he formed his first ideas on the faculties of the mind, and on the means of directing the exercise of them, when it seemed that nature introduced him to the revelations of a genius superior to mankind, and placed him in the midst of the sciences and of the learned as their universal legislator, and the sovereign of their empire. All his expressions and his ideas breathe that air of grandeur which announces the man who comes into the world in order to change all opinions, and to regenerate and revise the whole circle of the sciences. In his first work, *De Dignitate* et *Augmentis Scientiarum*, he embraces every subject of human knowledge, as if every branch of learning were equally under his dominion. He introduces new divisions of the sciences which serve to illustrate their progress, and points out new methods of improvement which will enlarge their sphere. He

erects, in the midst of the ages of literature, of science and philosophy, a tribunal of censure, before which he summons and brings forward every thing that has been imagined and written in every age of the world. He separates truth from error; and while he justly estimates what has been done, he traces the outlines of the vaster plan which remains to be accomplished. He notices the deceitful paths in which mankind has been led astray, and he shuts them up for ever; he describes and opens new paths on every side; and, as he expresses the idea himself, in a style glittering with imagery, which adds to the lustre of reason without diminishing its accuracy, he bears no resemblance to those statues which are erected on the roads, and which point out with their fingers the route which passengers ought to follow, and are themselves mute and immovable. When he discovers a new way, he is the first to enter on it himself; he takes the first steps, which are by far the most difficult; he speaks to the travellers whose progress he directs; and when he separates from them, he instructs them how they are to proceed when he is no longer by their side or at their head. In his second work, which might be expected to be superior to the foregoing, because it is the character of true genius to be continually improving,—in his *Novum Organum*, his views became so extensive, that they may be considered as universal; in this work, he does not follow the sciences one after another in order to lay down particular rules for each separately, but he embraces those general principles which must become the laws and lights for all the sciences combined together.

"I shall not act, (says Bacon himself) like those travellers, who, being desirous of visiting and examining a temple, which had been designedly darkened, in order to appear more venerable, employ themselves in walking with a lamp in their hands from sanctuary to sanctuary, and from altar to altar, and while they enlighten one part of the temple, leave the greater part of it in darkness: I shall suspend, in the middle of the dome, a chandelier, which, by lighting the whole building at once, will exhibit under one point of view the altar and the images of all the gods."

Notwithstanding the boldness of this flight, which seems extravagant even for the genius of Bacon, an extreme circumspection, I might even say, an extreme timidity, appears to predominate in all his positions, and all his means of execution. In every age that preceded the time of Bacon, and which claimed the title of an age of learning, in the schools of the philosophers of Greece, and in those of the doctors of Europe, after the most superficial observation of the phenomena of nature which the universe presents, and oftentimes without any previous observation, men of learning elevated themselves, or rather took

flight in a manner, to the most vague and general principles respecting the theory of the world and its inhabitants. An opinion seemed to prevail, that, in order to explain the theory of the universe, it was not necessary to study it, but to account for its laws by the reveries of imagination, and not by the qualities which we perceive by our senses, or discover by our experiments. How different is the method which Bacon proposes, or rather reveals; and how well authorized is he to give to his method the original title of the New Organ, *Novum Organum!* To examine and collect from every quarter all the acknowledged facts and phenomena, both those that escape from our attention because they are always before our eyes, and those which are withdrawn from our senses by their distance, or by the mysterious veils in which they are shrouded, to submit continually to new experiments, Nature, which, like Proteus, conceals herself under a thousand different shapes, and becomes visible only to those who torment and fetter her by a thousand artifices; to trace, for the relief of the memory, and for the precision of knowledge, an extensive arrangement of facts, phenomena, and observations, which are connected together by the general analogy that subsists between them; to exhibit at the same time similar arrangements, in which the facts which seem to belong to the same classes and the same analogy, lead to contradictory conclusions; to observe and contemplate with patience the vast assemblage of facts, thus connected and arranged, before any conclusion is drawn from them, or any general principle: to watch with scrupulous attention that the principle which may be adopted, should be commensurate with actual observation and experiment; by the dawning light of a confined principle, to pass to new experiments which this principle may give birth to, to the observations of new facts and new phenomena; to class and arrange them in the same manner in a double series, sometimes by the similarity of their appearances, and by the contradictory nature of their effects, sometimes by the identity of effects, when appearances are contradictory; to draw from these, principles more extensive than the former, but always limited by the circumference of the facts and phenomena which they have embraced; from these new principles to descend to new facts, to new experiments and new observations, in order to raise our views to more comprehensive principles, and to descend again to the study of facts in order to arrive by regular succession at axioms still more general; to turn without being fatigued in that circle, which is not, like most logical propositions, an imperfect circle, but a circle in which nature herself revolves her transformations and her operations; to endeavour incessantly to discover how things are made, a discovery which may be useful to us, and which it is so difficult to find a satisfactory explanation of, and never to make

inquiries why they are made, which may be imagined in a hundred different manners, without adding any thing to the power or the happiness of man; to abandon to contemplation, to the cloisters and the altars, the philosophy of final causes, which, like the rod consecrated to heaven, produces nothing; and to cultivate without relaxation experimental philosophy, which, pursuing Nature into her mines and furnaces, becomes laborious and fruitful like Nature herself, and produces every day some new blessing in conjunction with her new labours:—such is the method of Bacon; that method which has changed the face of the sciences, as the sciences, since the time of Bacon, have changed the face of the world. The inexhaustible fertility of Bacon's genius has invented and proposed experiments which can hardly be accomplished by the united labours of the learned of every age. He wanted himself the leisure, the means, and the instruments, and undoubtedly the talents to enable him to prosecute them with success. Several of the most ingenious have been since projected and executed, and many which he proposed have been found to be impracticable and useless. In the age in which nature placed him, and in the elevation which he reached by his own genius in the midst of the sciences, his thoughts were oftentimes more properly conjectures than well-grounded observations. But there is a fact which I must mention, not only because it forms the firmest foundation for Bacon's glory, but likewise because it will naturally furnish you with a more just and extensive idea of the great though not undisputed utility of the analysis of the human understanding.

The three noblest discoveries of Newton, and perhaps the noblest that have been made in any age, are the system of attraction, the explanation of the tide, and the discovery of the theory of colours by the analysis of light. But Newton in demonstrating these three great laws of nature only reduced to experiment and calculation three general observations of Bacon. I call them observations and not conjectures; for he alludes to these several times in his different works, they bear the marks of his method of considering the phenomena of nature, and he has himself pointed out experiments which bear a strong resemblance to those which have been since made. The glory of these important discoveries ought therefore to be shared between Newton and Bacon, and between the analysis of the understanding, and the science of geometry; for the analysis of the understanding was the instrument of Bacon, in the same manner as geometry was the instrument of Newton. Natural philosophy and metaphysics, the extent of which is immense, were not sufficient to engross the comprehensive genius of Bacon. We may observe in general, that in Europe the cultivation of ancient literature has retarded the progress of philosophy; and philo-

sophy, which has not been always in the right, has affected a great disdain for that department of knowledge. But Bacon, being placed at an equal distance between the cultivators of classical knowledge and the philosophers, has this distinguishing mark among all writers, that he is at the same time, the person who has opened the avenues of science, and the most boundless views of improvement for future ages, and who likewise possessed in the highest degree whatever was great and beautiful in the writings and inventions of former times. The most striking events in antiquity, its most brilliant thoughts, its richest and happiest expressions, and most ingenious sentiments were constantly present to the memory of Bacon; and his genius improved and embellished these still more by introducing them in his works. The ancient mythology had among its divinities, a god who was represented with two faces, one turned towards past ages, which he surveyed at one glance, and the other turned towards future times, which, though not yet in existence, were comprehended within his view; we may say with propriety, that such a representation is the image and emblem of the genius of Bacon.

## NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

THE following scheme is not the hair-brained device of a visionary projector. It is sensible, practicable, and praise-worthy. We believe if Mr. Crabb's plan could be fully realized, we should have a perfect standard of the English tongue. *Editor.*

*Proposal for editing an English Dictionary, under the direction of a Society, addressed to the Editor of the Monthly Mirror.*

SIR,

HAVING observed of late proposals from different quarters, for publishing an improved dictionary of the English language, I feel myself induced to offer my sentiments on this subject, which I request the favour of making public through the medium of your highly esteemed Miscellany. It must be acknowledged by all that a work of this nature is in a peculiar manner a national concern, that it ought to be at once the repository and standard for the literature of a people, and that it derives its whole value from the degree of confidence which it enjoys from the public. Instead, therefore, of multiplying the rash attempts of individuals to effect what surpasses the powers of any one man, and thus crowding on the world several ponderous works of the same kind, no one of which is complete, I cannot help thinking that if

those who have directed their attention to philological pursuits, would unite themselves into a society similar to the French academy, the labours and opinions of many might be combined, to give solidity, consistency, and authority to the whole. In this case I should recommend that one, or two at most, should be the principal labourers, that the rest should be contributors, revisers, or correctors; that certain proportions when prepared, should, at stated periods, be revised by the society once, twice, or oftener, as might be found necessary, and that nothing should be admitted for publication, unsanctioned by a majority of the members.

As this is, however, but a general proposition, I have only to add, that as soon as I have published the third part of the Preceptor and his Pupils, which will be a preparatory work on the force and signification of the English words, for the use of schools, I intend to offer a specimen of what I conceive to be a proper analysis of words for the purpose of a dictionary, and should my views meet the public approbation, I shall then willingly submit the result of my labours to the decision of such a literary tribunal.

Yours, &c.

GEORGE CRABB.

*Walworth, Sept.* 9, 1808.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## AMERICAN ETYMOLOGIES.

THE proper names of places, rivers, mountains, lakes, &c. in the United States are derived from various languages, some of European, some of American origin. To trace them to their respective sources may be interesting hereafter in an historical point of view, particularly as many of them have already suffered corruptions and alterations, by means whereof it is probable that the original names and their several derivations will in process of time be forgotten, or at least rendered dubious. The attention, therefore, of the learned, should be drawn early to this interesting subject, and they should be invited to fix and ascertain as many of our local etymologies as possible for the instruction of our posterity. With this view, I shall state my own ideas concerning a few of them, in hopes that the subject will be taken up hereafter by some person of greater ability and more leisure.

*Hell Gate* or *Hurl Gate*, a channel or passage at the entrance of the port of New-York. This passage was called by the Dutch, who first settled the province of New-York, then called the New Nether-

lands, *Hel Gat*, which in the low Dutch language means *the clear channel.* It is easy to perceive how the English, who came after them, corrupted it into *Hell Gate*, and afterwards (to avoid a fancied prophaneness) into *Hurl Gate.*

The *Wallabout*, a place near Brooklyn on Long Island. This was called in the Dutch language *De Wal-bogt*, which means *a bend, or winding of the shore.* It has been corrupted into *Wallabout*, which has no kind of meaning.

*Christiana*, or (as it is vulgarly called) *Christeen*, in the State of Delaware, was originally called and ought still to be denominated *Christina*, after the celebrated Queen of that name.

*Schuylkill*, a river of Pennsylvania; is derived from the low Dutch *Schuylen*, to hide or skulk, or to take refuge or shelter; and *Kill*, a creek, and means the *hiding, skulking*, or *sheltering creek.* It would be curious to discover how it came to receive so singular a name.

*Santee* River, in South Carolina, was so named by the French who settled there at an early period. They called it *La Rivière de Santé*, or *Healthy River.*

The rivers *Ashley* and *Cooper*, in the same State, were both so called in honour of the celebrated *Anthony Ashley Cooper*, Earl of Shaftesbury.

The proper names which are of Indian derivation, offer a wide field of investigation, which is not less curious and interesting. The etymologist will be led to inquire why names that are similar or nearly similar in sound, are to be found on this continent in places far distant from each other. *Quebec* in Canada, and *Kennebeck* in Maine, may perhaps easily be traced to the same nation and the same language, but not so with the *Iroquois* of the north, and the *Cherokees* of the south. The *Washash** (whom the French and we after them call by corruption *Osages*) on the *Missouri*, and the *Wabash* on the *Illinois* River; *Pluckemin*, in New Jersey and *Plaquemine* in the Orleans Territory, and a variety of other homonymies, which may be discovered in this country at astonishing distances, in names which can all be traced to aboriginal sources. We shall not pursue this subject any further, but content ourselves with these few hints, in hopes that Professor Barton, whose learned researches into the Indian languages have already done so much honour to himself and his country, will be led to investigate it.

PHILOLOGUS.

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* The writer asked an Indian of the *Osage* tribe to pronounce the name of his nation in his own language; and he answered *Washash.*

FROM ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY OF ARTS.

## *Description of the Apparatus used at Portici for unrolling the Herculanean Papyri.*

THE discovery of a considerable number of ancient manuscripts among the ruins of Herculaneum, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, was hailed at the time by every lover of antiquity throughout Europe, as an event which promised to add to our classic literature many an author whose works might hitherto have been unknown, or if known, lamented as lost; or at least to afford the means of supplying the chasms with which a barbarous age had handed to us some of the most invaluable remains of the learning of Rome and Greece. Unfortunately, these fond hopes have to this day remained disappointed. The progress made in unrolling them, although perhaps commensurate with the difficulty of the task, has hitherto been insignificant; and the emigration of the court of Naples to Sicily, with, as I am credibly informed, the most perfect part of the papyri, is not calculated to encourage any very sanguine expectations.

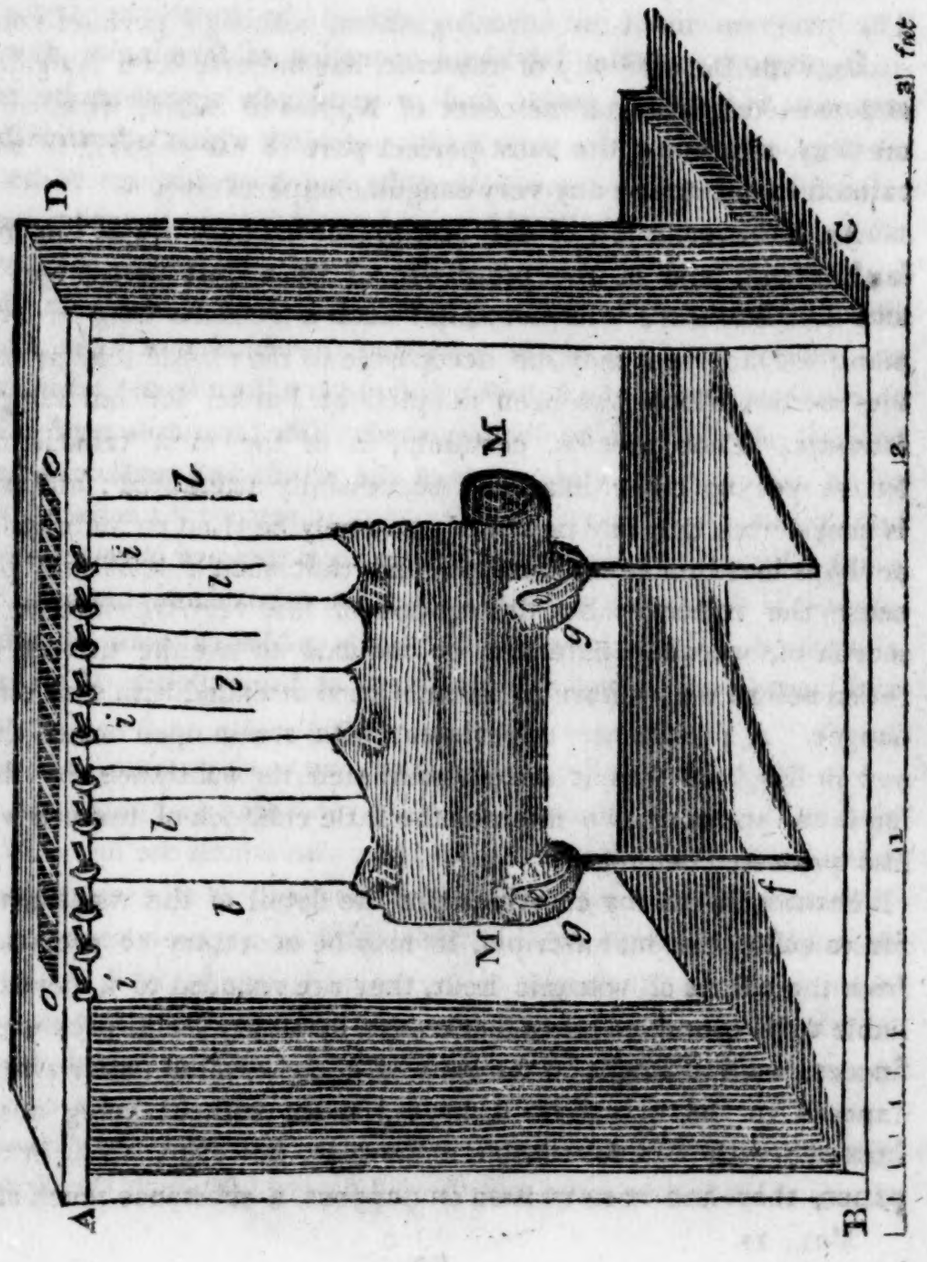
As, however, a few of the best preserved rolls are at this moment in England, and in the possession of an august personage, whose love for literature will not suffer such a treasure long to lay dormant, I conceive it may be acceptable to the classic scholar to know the method which has been adopted at Portici for unfolding their contents. That process, certainly, is of the most tedious nature, but as yet no other has been successfully attempted; and when it is considered, that any new mode can only be tried on an original and perhaps inestimable manuscript, and that such a trial may possibly cause the irrecoverable destruction of the very treasure we are in search of, we shall naturally be induced to use the utmost deliberation before we venture on an innovation attended with such manifest danger. A precipitate experiment with steam upon one of the rolls now in England has at once annihilated its substance, by destroying in the space of two minutes the little cohesion of texture which it had possessed before.

Previously to my entering upon the detail of the machinery used for unrolling the manuscripts, it may be necessary to premise, that from the effects of volcanic heat, they are reduced to a perfect coal, liable to be crumbled into a black dust, by a very feeble pressure of the fingers, such as might be the state of a tight roll of paper after being exposed to the action of a heated oven, without being absolutely ignited; with this favourable difference, however, that, instead of paper, they had been written on papyrus, a substance much stronger

and glutinous than our present writing-paper. They had, like all books of that age, been rolled up with the writing inwards, divided into rectangular spaces, much in the manner of the pages of modern books.

As the different lamina of which the roll is composed, would break off with the slightest touch, a fresh back is successively formed by the application of gold-beaters' skin affixed with gum-water. But such is the damaged state of the material, that without using very minute patches of gold-beaters' skin (generally not exceeding the size of a common pea), an upper stratum would often be glued to one or more under ones, through the little holes or breaks which sometimes penetrate several of the lamina. But in order to render myself as intelligible as possible, I beg leave to refer the reader to the annexed drawing, with its accompanying scale.

APPARATUS USED AT PORTICI FOR UNROLLING THE HERCULANEAN PAPYRI.



A B C D is a wooden frame which may be placed on a common table.

*f f* Two brass rods, supporting

*e e* Two brass rests in the shape of half-moons. On these rests

M M the manuscript is placed, with

*g g*, some raw cotton, to guard it from being injured by the contact of the metal.

*h h h* is so much of the manuscript roll as has already been furnished with a fresh back of patches of gold-beaters' skin.

As soon as a sufficient extent of back is thus secured,

*l l l*, silk strings, are fastened to the ends by means of dissolved gum Arabic. These strings are suspended from

*ik ik ik*, a row of pegs (like those of a violin) going through

*o o*, an opening in the top of the frame.

In proportion as the laborious operation of forming a new back proceeds, the work is gently and progressively wound up by turning the pegs, until one entire page is thus unfolded, which is forthwith separated from the roll and spread on a flat board or frame. A draughtsman, unacquainted with the language of the manuscript, makes a faithful fac-simile of it, with all its chasms, blemishes, or irregularities. The taking of this copy is no less a work of extreme patience and nicety, as it is only by a particular reflection of light, that the characters, whose black colour differs very little from that of the carbonized papyrus, can be distinguished. The fac-simile is next handed to an antiquarian, who separates the words and sentences, supplies any hiatus, and otherwise endeavours to restore the sense of the original. By a like process the succeeding pages are unrolled and decyphered, if I may be allowed to use the expression, until the work is completed. The whole is afterwards published, both in letter-press and correct engravings of each page, at the expense of the government.

In this tedious and costly manner, one work (a treatise of Philodemus on the power of music) has been recovered and published. Unfortunately, it was both the first and last with which the lovers of ancient literature have been gratified; and the contents of even this were far from compensating for either the trouble or expense bestowed upon it. Some years ago, the hopes of the learned were revived by the mission of a literary gentleman from England to Naples, for the express purpose of superintending the establishment of Portici, which, by permission of the court of Naples, he actually conducted for a considerable time previous to the invasion of the French. But hitherto none of the fruits of his labour have met the public eye, although the expectations

of the classic scholar were from time to time kept alive by notices of that gentleman's progress, inserted in some of our periodical Journals.

I cannot close this article without expressing a hope, that the manuscripts now in England will ere long meet investigation, confident as I am, that the ingenuity of our English artists will be able to suggest a more expeditious process for unrolling them, than the one above detailed; and that, if the task were attended with success in this country, the court of Palermo might be prevailed upon to furnish a succession of new materials to enrich our store of classic literature.

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*From Ackermann's Repository of Arts.*

I SEND you a drawing of a ring, supposed to be one that belonged to William III, and which is noticed in Rapin's *History of England.* After giving an account of the king's death, the historian thus continues: "As soon as the breath was out of his body, the lords Lexington and Scarborough, who were then in waiting, ordered Roujat to take off from the king's left arm a black ribbon, which tied next to his skin a gold ring, with some hair of the late queen Mary, which showed the tender regard he had for her memory." This ring is of pure gold, its breadth is five-eighths of an inch, and its length is seven-eighths of an inch. Instead of a crystal, it is covered with what is called a picture diamond, beautifully cut. This drawing is enlarged in the plate, for the sake of showing the device, of which the light parts are a very accurate representation: those parts which are shaded, represent the hair of queen Mary, which forms a dark ground for the workmanship: the black ribbon, by which it is fastened to the king's arm, passes through two small loops at the back of the ring, the gold of which is almost worn through: the workmanship is very good, not to say elegant, for the period in which it was done. It has been many years in the possession of the ancestors of Thomas Street, Esq. of Hampstead, to whom it has descended, and who can trace it pretty satisfactorily through his family connexions up to Roujat, who was sergeant-surgeon to William III.

## THE USEFUL ARTS.

FROM the transactions of the society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, we borrow the following paper, for which communication five guineas were voted by the society. To those who have daily experience of the unpleasant difficulty of forcing a door over a resisting surface; to the shivering invalid; to the delicate lady, and, in fine, to all who are studious of comfort, in cold weather, it is scarcely necessary to recommend the general adoption in America, of this excellent invention. *Editor.*

### *Contrivance for preventing doors from dragging on carpets, by Mr. John Tad.*

*TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY.*

SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty of laying before the society a model of my invention to prevent doors from dragging on carpets, and to keep out the current of cold air, which enters under such doors as are not close to the carpets underneath them.

I can affix this machinery to the bottom of any door, so that the door may pass over the carpet with ease, and, when shut, be air-tight. It obviates the necessity of screw rising hinges, and is less expensive than other inventions for the same purpose.

The machinery is constructed of a slip of well-seasoned beech wood, equal in length to the width of the door; this slip is one and a quarter inch wide, and half an inch thick, and to be covered with green cloth on the inside; it is to be hung to the bottom of the door, with three small brass hinges, and is drawn up by a concealed spring as the door opens, and is forced down when the door shuts, by one end of it, which is semicircular, pressing upon a concave semicircular piece of hard beech wood, fastened at the bottom of the door case, and which holds it down close to the floor or carpet, so as entirely to exclude the air.

I am, &c.

### *Description of the method of preventing doors from dragging on carpets.*

The curious mechanic, or the opulent gentleman, who is studious to view a *plate* to which this specification alludes, is referred to Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, for June 1809.

Mr. Tad's invention consists in first cutting away the bottom of the door, so that it is about one inch and a quarter above the floor; this allows a sufficiency of room for the door to open over any carpet. To

close the opening which would now be left under the door when shut, he proposes to fix beneath the door, by means of hinges, a slip of wood, of which, a b c fig. 2 and 3, plate xiii, is a section. Fig. 1 is a perspective view of the bottom of a door, with the invention annexed to it. Fig. 2 is a section across the door when closed; fig. 3 is a view of the edge of the door, when open; and fig 4 is a section supposed to be made by cutting the door in two parts edge-ways. The hinges, on which the slip turns, are fixed to the edge. In figs. 2 and 3 from a to b is exactly one inch and a quarter, so that when the ruler is turned down upon the hinges, it reaches the floor A A as in fig. 2; in the other direction a d it is much less, being only half an inch, so that when it is turned up under the door, as in fig. 3, it leaves three quarters of an inch clear. It now remains to show how the ruler is turned up or down. It has always a tendency to rise up into the state of fig. 3, by the action of a steel wire spring shown in figs. 2 and 4, which is concealed in a rebate cut in the bottom of the door; one end of the wire is screwed fast to the door at f, the other is inserted into an eye, fastened into the slip at g to throw it down into the position of figs. 2 and 4. The end h, fig. 4 of the slip furthest from the hinges of the door is cut into a semi-circle, as seen in fig. 3. When the door is just closed, this semi-circle is received into a fixed concave semicircle k, fig. 3 cut in the end of a piece of wood k l, made fast to the door case; the line m l, fig. 3, represents the plane of the door when shut, and p p part of the door seen edgeways: as the door in shutting moves from p to m, the semicircular end of the slip a b d, &c. presses against the end of the piece k l, and as the door proceeds, it turns down, as in fig. 2, so that by the time the door is shut, the slip is turned quite down; the edge e b of the slip is cut into a segment of a circle struck from the hinges on which it turns. The perspective view in fig. 1, shows that this contrivance, applied to any door, will not offend the eye, as it can scarcely be distinguished from an ordinary door; k, fig. 1, shows the concave semicircle of the piece of wood fastened to the door-case, in which the semicircular end of the slip is to be received.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## MY POCKET BOOK—NO. V.

"Quicquid agunt homines—nostri est farrago libelli."

### CUMBERLAND'S MEMOIRS.

FEW biographical works possess so much attraction, and afford so great a degree of entertainment, as the Memoirs of Cumberland, lately published by himself, at the advanced age of seventy-two. These memoirs furnish an extensive range of the history of literature and literary men, during the very long period they embrace. The anecdotes of the author's ancestors are not among the least valuable parts of the work. The writer exhibits himself without disguise. There is hardly a page that does not bear strong testimony of his benevolence and goodness, as well as of his talents. His laudable design of making the drama subservient to the noble purpose of banishing gross national prejudices, which it had formerly too successfully fostered, would alone have entitled him to a monument of national gratitude. The Irish, the Scotch, the Welch, and the Jews, are all under high obligations to him, for placing them, in his dramatic works, in a respectable point of light. His Major O'Flaherty, his Colin M'Leod, his Dr. Druid, and his Sheva, while they bear strong characteristic marks of nationality, are endued with those excellent qualities of the heart, and that purity of intention, which command for man the plaudit of his fellow-mortals "from pole to pole." By other writers, individuals of those nations are rarely introduced among the *dramatis personæ*, but to excite or extend prejudice, and to tickle the exuberant vanity of a proud and arrogant audience, by the very flattering comparison. From this folly, to call it by no harsher name, Shakspeare himself could not claim an exemption. In his Merchant of Venice, he absolutely falsified history, to pander to the miserable prejudices which existed against the ill-fated Jews, so often, for centuries before his time, the victims of the most abominable persecution. Need I, after adducing Shylock, waste words upon the Archy Mac Sarcasms, the Brulgrudderies, the Teague O'Regans, the Darbies, the Shenkins, and all those caricatures of human nature, which so many scribblers have exhibited for the purpose of rendering the imaginary defects of one nation food for the vanity of another?

I have heard Cumberland charged with egotism. Those who prefer this charge against him say, that "I, the hero of each little tale," applies to his memoirs with great propriety. This is too fastidious. They attempt to decry an individual work for what forms the very essence of this species of composition. Can a man write his own life,

without being, to a certain degree, an egotist? Surely not. And whatever egotism Cumberland displays, in his memoirs, is absolutely inseparable from every similar production.

In this interesting work there are some curious political arcana completely developed, which throw considerable light on the honour and honesty of the cabinets of the rulers of the globe.

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## DUNCAN M'INTOSH.

There is no subject that yields to a benevolent mind a more sublime gratification that the contemplation of a man employed in the divine act of rescuing his fellow mortals from impending destruction, without the smallest shadow of suspicion of his being actuated by any sinister or selfish motives. This is unquestionably the highest grade of human perfection. Alas! that it so rarely occurs! History is little more than one continued detail of the atrocities of ferocious monsters, who have deluged the earth with human blood, with as little concern as the tiger displays in the destruction of the unoffending lamb. Those of an opposite description

> Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

The greater the rarity of this goodness, the more highly estimable it is when it appears. With what admiration and applause, then, must we not regard the noble-minded Duncan M'Intosh, who has excited these remarks, and who has had the enviable lot of effecting the salvation from impending butchery, in St. Domingo, of above fifteen hundred men, women, and children, a number probably greater than were ever rescued from destruction by any private individual before.

This illustrious exploit is attended with a circumstance, which, to my mind, highly enhances the gratification it affords. The hero is of a nation whose character is not duly appreciated in general, and who are too frequently made the subject of unjust and disgraceful sarcasm by the ignorant and illiberal of other nations. Of all the national prejudices I am acquainted with, I know none more completely unfounded. For my part, I am convinced, from long observation, that the *tout ensemble* of the character of the Scotch will bear an advantageous comparison with that of any other nation in Christendom.

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## THE MOHOCKS.

Ye gods and goddesses! what a precipitous fall from feasting upon the godlike act of M'Intosh, to write about the miscreants with whose designation I have headed this paragraph. It is like sinking from

> "The heights of th' empyreal heaven,"

at one single plunge, into the darkest abysses of

"Pluto's dire abodes."

Some readers may not know who or what these Mohocks were. To them it may be proper to state, that, about the beginning of last century, a host of ruffians in London, some of them of the most respectable families, associated under this title, and used to sally out into the streets after dark, cutting, maiming, and disfiguring every man they met with, and exposing the women in the most scandalous and indecent manner. And all this barbarity was perpetrated, good heavens! for mere amusement! What! cut a man's nose or ears off for amusement! Can it be possible? exclaims the reader. It is unfortunately not only possible, but absolutely and awfully certain. They were, at length, but with considerable difficulty, extirpated by the police.

How infinite the diversity of man! On one side you see a M'Intosh, approaching to the nature of the Divinity; while on the other you discover a Mohock, bearing the unerring stamp of all the horrible features of the infernal fiends.

## JUGGLERS.

Some of the tricks performed by jugglers are so very extraordinary as to baffle every attempt to solve the arcana of the performers. Tennent, in his Indian Recreations, informs us, that he saw a small child with its limbs doubled up, which was suspended in the air in a tent. He and other persons, with drawn swords, cut the air above, below, and on every side, suspecting it might be suspended in that position by twine or cords rendered invisible by art. Their attempts to cut the child down were in vain. It remained suspended in the air.

He likewise recounts another feat. A juggler, amidst a very large concourse of people, assembled to behold his performances, brought a child into an open field. He had two large baskets, under one of which he placed the child, and the other he laid down empty at a considerable distance. After pronouncing various incantations, and making many strange gestures, he raised the baskets, and it appeared that the child had changed his position, and was under the basket which had been empty. Tennent and others made a strict examination, and ascertained that there was no subterraneous communication by which the child might have been conveyed from one basket to the other.

How shall we account for these and many similar things? Shall we ascribe them to the skill or address of the performers? They utterly transcend the ordinary physical powers of man. Shall we, then, admit necromancy? If we do in one case, where shall we fix its limits? I cannot reply.

## SYNONIMOUS WORDS.

I have been much diverted lately with a recent work, published in 1806, and for sale in London by Vernor and Hood. It is styled "A Dictionary of synonimous words, and technical terms, in the English language, by James Leslie." Some of its explanations are of the most extravagant and pedantic kind, and exceed all the ravings of any former lexicographer. I subjoin a few.

*Affectedness*, cacozelia.
*Agedness*, anosity.
*Agitate*, to bandy, to betoss, to conquassate.
*Admit*, to adhibit, to coincide, to homologate.
*Aiming*, act of collimation, or collineation.
*Analysis*, principiation, anastoichiasis.
*Appendix*, parergy.
*Argument*, elinch.
*Astronomer*, uranoscopist.
*Baldness of the head*, madarosis, alopecy, glabrity.
*Bang*, to lamm, to pommel, to sugillate, to thwack.
*Bitch*, a dogess.
*Bustle*, utis, accoil, clutter, coil, fuss, hurly burly, pudder, romage.
*Clamour*, to brabble, to clapperclaw.
*Corpulency*, polysarchy.

These are wonderfully lucid explanations, and must greatly accelerate the progress of science. A student who uses Mr. Leslie's dictionary, must make large hourly additions to his stock of knowledge. If he do not perfectly understand what "an appendix" is, on consulting this invaluable work, he finds it is "*a parergy*;" and with equal advantage and satisfaction he discovers that "an argument" is *an elinch*," and "an astronomer" "*a uranoscopist*." This is *luce clarius*, and must encourage the inquirer after useful knowledge to dig this valuable mine with increasing assiduity.

I shall add one more example, to prove the fertility of the English language, and the very profound researches of this learned philologist, whose fame must throw that of Bailey, Barclay, Sheridan, and Walker into utter obscurity.

*Beat*, to pommel, to bang, to sugillate, to thwack, to trounce, to vanquish, to vapulate, to repercuss, to buffet, to curry, to firk, to fease or feaze, to lamm, to bray, to drub, to baste, to batter, to maul, to nubble, to belabour, to bump, to cane.

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## PREMATURE JUDGMENTS.

It is painful to reflect upon the almost universal propensity of mankind, to pass sentence upon their fellow mortals, on the most imperfect

foundation. We spend five minutes in a man's company, and, from his countenance, or the few words he utters, we form an opinion of him with as much confidence as if we had been acquainted with him for years. Nature may have given him a countenance unpromising and perhaps forbidding. He may perhaps be timid; perhaps he has met with a heavy loss; is low spirited or dejected; is out of temper in consequence of gross ill treatment. Perhaps his wife or his child is sick. Perhaps his friend is in distress or danger. Any of these circumstances must exhibit a man to very great disadvantage. We know them not. We never suppose any thing of the extenuating kind; but pronounce the object of our consideration to be distant and unsociable; perhaps proud and arrogant, when his heart may be writhing with torture.

I know no more frequent mistake than charging a person with distance and reserve, who is merely a martyr to the *mauvaise honte*.

A man has the misfortune to be purblind. He stalks through the streets, passing by his intimate friends and acquaintance unheeded, and as often, through mistake, saluting persons he has never seen before. By the one class he is probably set down as an impertinent upstart coxcomb, and by the other as a forward, presuming, obtrusive puppy. Thus a physical defect gives a totally false character of a man's moral qualities. So sagacious and correct, so benevolent and kind, are human judgments! and such is the miserable animal that pretends to infallibility in his decisions!

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## STAGE TRAVELLING.

As travelling in stages is carried in this country to a very great extent, and is daily increasing, every idea that has a tendency to add to its comforts or enjoyments, or diminish its irksomeness, is deserving of consideration.

Travellers in stages are too frequently distant, reserved, and unsociable. It often happens that, for miles together, there is as little use made of the tongue, as if the faculty of speech were denied, or were subject to a heavy tax. When one passenger, more disposed to sociability than his companions, makes an effort to force conversation, he is sometimes repelled, and driven for enjoyment to his own cogitations, by a cold freezing no, or yes, to his inquiries, or overtures towards an interchange of sentiment. Some travellers wrap themselves up in a cloak of dignity and importance, and appear to regard it as derogatory to their grandeur to sink down to a level with those whom accident has led to use the same vehicle with themselves. This is egregiously wrong. When decent people meet together in a stage, they ought, by common consent, to banish reserve; and not only encourage, but make every effort to maintain, a rational and interesting conversation.

In a case somewhat analogous, Sterne, in his Sentimental Journey, has given a most elegant and instructive lesson, which is worthy universal attention. It is a whole volume of the essence of politeness in a single page. And although the Journey is in almost every body's hands, I cannot avoid doing myself the pleasure of laying the case before the reader.

Sterne went to the theatre. There was no person in the box but an old French officer, who had his spectacles on, and was employed reading. As soon as our traveller sat beside him, he pulled off his spectacles, and put them and the book into his pocket. Sterne makes him soliloquize thus:

"Here's a poor stranger come into the box. He seems as if he knew nobody; and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose. It is shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face, and using him worse than a German."

The officer then made advances, which were thankfully met by the author. To our cold, distant, repulsive stage travellers, let me address myself with a "Go, do ye likewise."

There is another error full as frequent as that I have stated. Many passengers are very prone to fastidiousness in taverns, and are disposed to find fault with every thing they have to eat, or to drink, as well as with the beds they lie on, and the whole of the treatment they receive. I have known some persons who imagined that this conduct enhanced their consequence. This is folly in the extreme. It may be almost universally observed, that those who live the most comfortably at home, are most inclined to pass over any small defects at table or elsewhere in travelling. On the contrary, those who are roughly handled by Fortune in their domestic establishment, generally take their revenge when they go abroad.

About twenty or twenty-five years since, there was a book published in London, called Francis the Philanthropist. There was one admirable chapter in it, that applies to the case before us. All the rest of the book was mere trash.

Two travellers, Grumpall and Belcour, set out from London on a tour to the continent. They meet the same people; travel in the same stages; put up at the same houses; pay the same charges; and experience the same adventures precisely: as they never separated from each other. Yet Grumpall has not one moment of enjoyment, nor Belcour one moment of unhappiness in the whole tour. There is no mystery in this. It is all perfectly natural. Grumpall was disposed to render himself miserable by his querulousness; and Belcour was resolved to enjoy as much happiness as Fortune put in his power.

Those who travel much, must meet with many Grumpalls.

It is not, however, my intention to insinuate that all the complaints of travellers partake of the *Grumpallian* character. By no means. There is vast room for improvement in the management of stages and of taverns. But I believe that more than one half the murmurs are without sufficient foundation.

## YANKEE TRICKS.

THIS is a very significant phrase, and one in very general use. It conveys to the mind of the hearer an idea of a high degree of depravity peculiar to the people of New-England, from which their more upright brethren in the middle and southern states claim a total exemption. The latter are pure and immaculate, unstained with any thing in the slightest degree approaching to yankeeism.

Let us examine this point fearlessly. Let us ascertain, as far as we can, on what foundation the charge rests. If that be solid, let it remain unassailed, and be received without controversy. But if it rest upon a sandy and delusive basis, let it be consigned to oblivion, with other prejudices equally untenable.

National prejudices are very easily formed, and nicknames as easily applied. They are, however, eradicated with great difficulty. When once adopted, every day serves to corroborate them; because every little incident that occurs, and affords the smallest countenance to them, or will at all admit of being strained to that effect, is tortured to prop and buttress them up, right or wrong.

It is not difficult to perceive how this prejudice arose. The tide of migration has generally directed its course from New-England to the southern states, and very little from the latter to the former. The reason of this is obvious. The soil of New-England is not as luxuriant as that of some of the other states. The population is much crowded. This state of things naturally produces the effect above stated. As mankind is now, and has always been, made up of good and bad, and a pretty reasonable proportion of the latter every where, it would be wonderful if, among the hosts that swarm out of New-England, there should not be many depraved and worthless characters. Wherever these appear, they are cited as corroborations "strong as proofs from holy writ," to confirm the general character of the whole nation; and thus one or two millions of people bear an opprobrious stigma from the turpitude of a few.

The middle and southern States have never disgorged upon New England the off-scourings of their cities, nor their fugitives from justice, in any very considerable degree. If they had, *buckskin tricks* might in Boston, or Portsmouth, or Portland, be as proverbial, as

*Yankee* tricks in New-York or Philadelphia. But let a philosopher, or a citizen of the world, examine the records of our criminal courts, and he will find, that the triumph we pretend to, over our New England brethren, is not as indisputably just and correct, as some of us may have supposed. Let us bear in mind the elegant, the instructive, and the universally applicable lesson held out by the parable of the pharisee and the publican.

I have travelled very often through New England. And when I first visited the country, I was a slave to the miserable prejudices that so generally prevail respecting its inhabitants. I imagined that a large proportion of them were sharpers, solely intent upon deception and fraud. I have lived to see the extent of my error. I am proud to acknowledge it, and to do justice, as far as these feeble effusions can do justice, to the much-injured character of a most respectable nation. I have beheld with delight the decency, the neatness, the elegance of their dwellings—the order, the decorum, the propriety, the urbanity, and the hospitality of their manners—the intelligence and good information even of the lowest orders of their peasantry—the captivating polish of their smallest children, in whom the rudiments of education are so far instilled, that they uniformly stop and respectfully salute the passing stranger—the republican simplicity and the good sense of their municipal regulations generally—the very successful struggle they have maintained against the sterility of an unkind soil—the ardour of their spirit of enterprize—their unceasing and unwearied industry. Having repeatedly seen—and having as repeatedly admired all these things—is it very extraordinary that I assert, without disparagement to the merits and claims of the citizens of the other States, that the yeomanry of New England are the pride and the glory of the United States, and are not perhaps excelled for the long train of social virtues, by any equal number of people under the canopy of heaven?

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## IRISH IMPUDENCE.

This phrase is equally proverbial, and equally well founded with the former. It arose nearly in the same manner—from judging of the character of an entire nation by the misconduct of a few of its most worthless people. To question, however, the correctness of the imputation it conveys, would by many *liberal* persons be ascribed to the *ne plus ultra* of folly and effrontery. Of such *enlightened* judges the censure is not very formidable. Let us, maugre their fulminations, offer a few reflections upon this topic. It is to be hoped they will be read with candour and liberality. They are, the reader may rest assured, the result of long reflection upon the point in question—and,

even if they should be totally erroneous, as they are really not intended to offend, the writer presumes upon the indulgence and the lenity of his fellow-citizens.

An Irish boor, it is admitted, is as rude, and as saucy, and as ignorant, and as impudent, as an English boor—or as a German boor. He cannot easily be more so. And this is surely enough of all conscience. But is the Irishman of any rank or standing in society, more impertinent, more obtrusive, or more impudent, than the man of any other nation, of the same standing? Let the reader look round among his Hibernian acquaintance—and, laying aside his ancient prejudices, answer this question fairly and candidly. I hesitate not to assert, his reply will be in the negative.

I go farther. I know I tread on delicate ground—and that I shall raise a hornet's nest about my ears. I care not. Armed with truth, I shall meet their stings unappalled. I venture, then, to assert, that I know very few instances among other nations, of young men of decent parentage, liberal education, and handsome natural endowments, in whose cheeks you can so readily excite the crimson blush of modesty, as in those of an Irishman. Start not, reader. I do but state a fact, however it may offer violence to your opinion. If there be any exception, it is among the Scotch. The high opinion an Englishman entertains of the consequence and dignity of his nation, inspires him with a boldness and confidence that forbid him to blush. A similar cause produces a similar effect upon a Frenchman. And nature by a certain dinginess of complexion has debarred whole nations, not necessary to be named, from the faculty of blushing.

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## CURIOUS FORMS OF EXPRESSION.

Throughout the British dominions, and in most parts of the United States, the epithet, *likely*, conveys an idea of mere personal beauty, unconnected with any moral or intellectual quality. And the notorious Chartres, or the traitor Arnold, might be *likely*, or even very *likely*. But "they order these matters" very differently in New England. There a man or woman as deformed as a Hottentot or an ourang outang, may be *likely*, or *very likely*. The epithet there refers to moral character. And a stranger is sometimes struck with hearing a person with one eye, a Bardolphian nose, which courts a close acquaintance with its neighbouring promontory, the chin, a hollow cheek, a cadaverous countenance, and other emblems of ugliness, equally delectable, styled a very *likely man*.

In most parts of the world, people *expect* things that are *to come*. But in Pennsylvania, more particularly in the metropolis, we *expect*

things that are *past*. One man tells another, he *expects* he has had a very pleasant ride, or that his vessel has made a good voyage, or that Mr. A. or Miss B. has made a fortunate match, &c.—I have, indeed, heard a wise man of Gotham say he *expected* Alexander the Macedonian was the greatest conqueror of antiquity.

—

"On eagle's wings, immortal, scandals fly:
While virtuous actions are but born and die."

This couplet conveys a strong, and, I am afraid, a very just censure upon mankind. Those brilliant actions that reflect honour upon our species, are either wholly overlooked, or coldly noticed—while acts of turpitude that degrade and dishonour the species, furnish topics of conversation and declamation to the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the grave and the gay.

The tendency of this propensity is highly pernicious. By dwelling so much on vice and guilt, we diminish, particularly in young minds, the abhorrence and detestation they would otherwise excite.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen—
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

And by suppressing the praises due to virtue, we fatally lose the benefit of its salutary example.

Let me state an exhilarating fact, worthy of high honour and of imitation. I know a man, in this city, fond of ease and indulgence, and blest with every means of enjoying both in their full extent—and who nevertheless undergoes the labour and fatigue of a troublesome office, the liberal and princely salary whereof he bestows on the widow and children of the former most estimable and lamented incumbent. This is one of those acts of heroic virtue, which admiring seraphs and cherubs must regard with applause and acclamation.

—

"The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away."

In passing through New England, particularly Massachusetts and New Hampshire, a traveller is forcibly struck with the splendid and superb scale on which very many of the private houses are built. They far exceed, in a general way, the scale of expense adopted in this State, where our men of property expend perhaps not more than three or four or five per cent. on an average for show and

parade in the structure of their houses. Whereas in New England, there are many houses in which the expenses for ostentation are probably fifteen per cent. of the whole amount. The Pennsylvania system, though not so dashing or attractive, is at all events by far the most prudent.

A Philadelphian will probably feel his pride hurt to be assured that in Salem, Newbury-port, Portsmouth, and Portland, there are perhaps as many large and magnificent houses, as in this city. The contemplation of those houses in the latter city excites a train of melancholy ideas. Portland suffered extremely during the late suspension of business throughout the United States; and a considerable portion of the splendid houses belonged to persons who then became bankrupts. Some of them, I was informed, owed their destruction to the sums lavished upon these castles, and to the great increase in the high style of living that arose thence.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## SYMPATHY.*

THE piece superscribed Man Constitutionally Moral, appears to me, to have much more tendency to overthrow the theory of sympathy which the author professes to support; than that which I have advanced.

The only portion which has even an apparent tendency to injure my opinions, is that, which is founded in misconception. I certainly did not argue, that independently of a moral sentiment, distinct from the operation of fancy, we should behold a wretch upon the rack with coolness and composure: on the contrary, I admitted that disgust, aversion and horror, were excited by objects in distress: and only advanced, that the operation of fancy did not "*sufficiently explain*" our feelings.

The author erroneously supposes me ignorant, of the laws of association. By reference to an essay published in The Port Folio of the twenty-first of May 1808, it will be found, that I have attributed a large portion of our attachments to this habitude of our nature, by

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* See page 50, Vol. 1st, present series of The Port Folio, and two last numbers.

which our pleasurable ideas or sensations are connected with the persons, or objects around us: in fact, the laws of association are so perfectly familiar to me, that I can hardly suppose that any new effort to establish them was requisite to others: and I think I can demonstrate, that in bringing them forward, the author conduces more to the support of my opinion, than to that of the illustrious moralist, from whom I ventured to dissent. Let us quote only one paragraph. "I see across the street a man who is assailed by two others with clubs. I hear the report of the blows which reverberate from his scull. I see the blood run over his face; he screams; he staggers—the ideas which are awakened in me by these impressions are associated with emotions of pain, and therefore these emotions must be produced. They are so in fact, and, if no considerations, attended with emotions of a different tendency, check me, I shall run to interfere, in order to get rid of this pain, if I may say so, *mechanically*, as I would jump forward to intercept a precious vase in falling, prompted by the anticipated pain of seeing it break to pieces." Is it not evident from this paragraph, that the author attributes to association, those emotions which Adam Smith attributes to an operation of fancy? For if we rush across the street, to the rescue of a sufferer; according to the one, it is because fancy places us in the situation of the being in distress, and we fly to relieve ourselves from imaginary pain; according to the other, "the ideas awakened by these impressions, being associated with emotions of pain, these emotions must be produced."

If the latter explanation be really that, which the author intended to afford, he is only so far correct, as the emotions excited by the danger of a man, can be similar to those, arising from the danger of a vase, or any other article of property. But surely it is obvious from this that sympathy may, and actually has been confounded with emotions, of a very inferior origin. Who that has a just conception of the soul, will ever admit that its most noble sentiment, has a common basis with that arising from the fall of a china vase? That we *sympathize* with the fall of tea-cups or wine glasses?

However, all this has been founded on the supposition, that the author meant to offer association as the basis of sympathy. Let us now imagine, that he has really fulfilled his professed design, of supporting the doctrine of Adam Smith, and let us attempt the explanation of the parallel he has cited, on the principles of this great man. The cases of the man, and the vase, are supposed by our author to be similar. In the one case then, we suppose ourselves in the situation of the man beaten with clubs; in the other, of a vase about to fall: in the one case, hasten to avert the blows, which excite imaginary pain: in the other, to prevent a fall, by which we shall in imagi-

nation, be shivered to pieces on the ground. Can any result, be more absurd than this, which so necessarily follows, from the theory of Smith, as *elucidated by the author?*

I am not unwilling to do justice to the eloquence of the style, or the ingenuity of some of the applications made by my assailant: but I conceive, that a loose and perverted employment of such qualifications, has tended much to retard the progress of moral analysis. Persons who write, or think on moral topics, more often hover around the foliage, than dig at the roots of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. They behold the luxuriant products of its vegetation, with perfect clearness, they lavish on the leaves the flowers or the fruit, the most poetic descriptions, and flutter about the superficies, without mistaking the colours, fragrance, or taste. They teem with subtle discriminations, and are oppressed with results minute and multifarious, but unaccompanied by systematic reference to general causes. By the delineation of such conceptions they may amuse; and even instruct those who are inadequate to the comprehension or application of extensive principles: but in this form, moral analysis presents a mountain of treatise; whereas in the truly analytic mode, the principles are found to be few, and the various ramifications easily referable to generic branches. In examining the various principles of human nature, we may consider self-love as the trunk, derived from various radical sensations, appetencies, or sentiments, essential to constitute a sensitive and immortal being.

By tracing the habitudes, or operation of these refined sources, so far as their obscurity will permit, we discover the reciprocal action of our physical and moral nature; without which, the real basis of the relative elevation of different beings, cannot be understood: nor the difference between true, and apparent superiority. The whole must then terminate, in a reference of moral disparity, or diversity, to the peculiarity of self-love, or the tendency of those branches of it, which by nature, or habitude predominate in strength: and a clear conception of this ascendency in any one individual, constitutes the best knowledge of his moral character.

In the whole aggregate of our sentiments, we can find nothing which can render human nature truly amiable, or elevated, in the absence of sympathy. In this we have the only tie, by which we are linked together in joy and sorrow; by which our brutal, or selfish passions and appetites are subdued, that we may be subservient in the excitement of pleasure, or alleviation of pain in our fellow-creatures. The comparative predominancy of this celestial principle, should decide our estimates of character: but who will take the comparative power of fancy, or force of association, as the measure of our

capacity to sympathize? Levity and imagination, often go hand in hand: and the influence of association, is more powerful in brutes, than in men. Will it not then be considered, that sympathy is an inscrutable qualification of the soul, stimulated into action by the conceptions which fancy enables us to form, as fancy is excited by the action of light or sound, or any other cause of sensation?

ANALYTICUS.

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## AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### UPPER FALLS OF SOLOMON'S CREEK.

Ruin vast and dread dismay
Mark the clam'rous cataract's way.

ROGERS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

AMONG the numerous streams that rush from the mountain into the bosom of the majestic Susquehanna, the beautiful cascade of Solomon's Falls is well calculated to gratify the ardent admirer of the works of nature.

It is situated about three miles from Wilkesbarre, the county town of Luzerne, in the State of Pennsylvania. Surrounded with dark hemlock,* the rocks stained with moss, and partially covered with laurel,† and other evergreens, it forms one of the finest scenes for the pencil of the painter. Dashing, foaming, and working its tempestuous way down the mountain's side, it here precipitates itself, in the most romantic and picturesque manner, over a ledge of rocks between fifty and sixty feet high into a natural bason of about twenty-five feet diameter, from which, winding beneath o'erhanging rocks, it passes through a narrow perpendicular fissure, and pours into a second bason forming the lower fall; from which latter it runs in a rapid and winding course to the river.

On this stream there are several mills, and fine situations for more; but during the heat of summer, like all mountain torrents, it is greatly diminished, when much of the grandeur of the falls is lost.

J. C.

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* Pinus Canadensis. † Kalmia Latifolia.

## THE CLASSICAL WORLD—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE rudest of our readers, if rudeness can ever be predicated of any of the patrons of The Port Folio, need not revolt from the title of this article. We have no intention of publishing Greek manuscripts, to the terror of the ladies, nor quoting *barbarous Latin* to the annoyance of the beau. But we adopt and apply, on this occasion,, the epithet *classical* in its most popular and attractive form, with the intention of publishing regularly certain literary articles of the most fascinating character, in the delightful department of the belles lettres. In one of the British journals of the light and ephemeral class, a witty and elegant writer, whose genius appears to be perfectly in unison with the *soul* of the bard of Venusinum, has, under the whimsical title of *Horace in London*, published a series of felicitous imitations of the odes of his classical progenitor. With my Lord Chesterfield, we are so much in the habit of admiring Mr. Pope's *incomparable* imitations, that we have always been of opinion that Horace is his debtor. The jocund bard, who, in the ensuing stanzas has adventurously followed Mr. Pope, is still more paraphrastical. In these gay verses, HORACE becomes completely modernized; and we think that LA FONTAINE himself would acknowledge our sportive imitator as one of his own family. *Editor.*

### BOOK I. ODE 1.

Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus, &c.

### TO JOHN BULL, ESQ.

Dread sir! half human, half divine,
Descended from a *lengthened* line
Of heroes famed in story,
Of ocean undisputed lord,
Of Europe and her recreant horde
The "riddle, jest, and glory."

What various sports attract your sons!
Some to Hyde Park escape from duns,
In curricle or tandem.
In dusty clouds enveloped quite,
Like Jove, who from Olympus' height,
Hurls thunderbolts at random.

One draws his gold from Lombard-street,
And 'mongst the barons buys a seat,
The Lord knows why or wherefore.

Another, give him rural sports,
And crowded cities, splendid courts,
He not a jot will care for.

The merchant, balked by Boreas, vents
His idle anger, and laments
Some luckless speculation.
Of ease and Clapham common talks ;
But soon on Gresham's murmuring walks
Resumes his daily station.

This makes the jolly god his theme,
In claret drowns Aurora's beam,
And riots with the friskers.
That, a dragoon, delights in war,
And clatters, thoughtless of mamma,
In high heeled boots and whiskers.

The hunter quits his bed at five,
The fox or timorous deer to drive,
Down precipices horrid ;
And carries home, returning late,
A trophy for his amorous mate,
The antlers on his forehead.

Me toil and ease alternate share,
Books and the converse of the fair.
To see is to adore 'em.
With these and London for my home,
I envy not the joys of Rome,
The circus or the forum.

If you, great sir, will deign to vote
For Horace in his London coat,
Nor check my classic fury,
My lofty head, whene'er I sit
To judge a new play in the pit,
Shall touch the dome of Drury.

The following ode to a false fair one is highly moral, as well as *most musical, most melancholy**. Experience *holds her cautious glass*, to *shun the breakers* as we pass, and often throws the *wary lead*, to see what dangers may *be hid*, says the sensible Green, describing the

* Milton.

voyage of life. In the third and fourth stanzas the warning voice of our pleasing poet is the very echo of Wisdom, and the seventh exhibits a captivating picture of gladsome hours, now studious and now social, burnished by THE DIGNITY AND INDEPENDENCE OF LITERATURE.

## BOOK I. ODE 5.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ, &c.

### TO A COURTEZAN.

Say, Lucy, what enamoured spark
Now sports thee through the gazing park,
In new barouche or tandem,
And, as Infatuation leads,
Permits his reason and his steeds
To run their course at random?

Fond youth, these braids of ebon hair,
Which to a face already fair,
Impart a lustre fairer,
Those locks which now invite to love,
Soon unconfined and false shall prove,
And changeful as the wearer.

Unpractised in a woman's guile,
Thou think'st, perchance, her halcyon smile
Portends unruffled quiet;
That, ever charming, fond, and mild,
No wanton thoughts, or passions wild,
Within her soul can riot.

Alas! how often shalt thou mourn,
If nymphs like her so soon forsworn,
Be worth a moment's trouble,
How quickly own, with sad surprise,
The paradise that blessed thine eyes,
Was painted on a bubble.

In her accommodating creed,
A lord will always supercede
A commoner's embraces.
His lordship's love contents the fair,
Until enabled to ensnare
A nobler prize, his grace's.

Unhappy are the youths who gaze,
Who feel her beauty's maddening blaze,
And trust to what she utters!
For me, by sad Experience wise,
At rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes
My heart no longer flutters.

Chambered in Albany, I view
On every side a jovial crew
Of Benedictine neighbours.
I sip my claret, read the news,
I own no mistress but the Muse,
And she rewards my labours.

And should some brat her love bespeak,
Though illegitimate and weak,
As these unpolished verses,
A father's joys shall still be mine,
Without the fear of parish fine,
Bills, beadles, quacks, and nurses.

The following additional specimen of our author's powers is supposed, by the fancy of the poet, to proceed, in the form of parental advice, from the lips of Thomas Sheridan, the author of the celebrated pronouncing dictionary, and many other works, in alliance with elocution and philology. The initial stanzas are perfectly Horatian. The maxims of the Epicurean philosophy are forcibly, elegantly, and melodiously inculcated. The allusion to Mr. Sheridan's temporary hold on precarious power, the well-founded regret for the misdirection of his splendid genius, the metaphor of the tory curs, the sneer at Pizarro and pantomime indolently substituted for such a comedy as the talents of one who led us to the School for Scandal could produce, the arch allusion to the importunity of Charles's creditors, and the fine figure in the concluding lines, are all lucid proofs of the ability of this new imitator. The measure which he has judiciously chosen is in admirable accordance with the tone of the festal ode; and the ease and volubility of the poet's expression must be obvious to every reader. *Editor.*

## BOOK V. ODE 13.

Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit et imbris, &c.

## TO RICHARD BRINDLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Behold how dark December lours;
Slow move the melancholy hours,
Hushed is the voice of gladness;

The leafless groves are gemmed with tears;
And nought the lonely woodman hears,
But chirps of feathered sadness.

Mortals, when Nature weeps, should strive,
By double revels to derive
Their pleasure from her sorrow.
To-day, while health and life remain,
Let Joy, without a rival, reign.
The scene may change to-morrow.

Quaff then the sparkling juice of France;
Let giddy Beauty weave the dance,
Or crown our warm devotion;
And let the muse's magic strain,
That exiles care and softens pain,
Excite its sweet emotion.

Thus, with the love of ease impressed,
The lexicographer addressed
His son, the infant Sherry;
When Care assaults thy sinking soul,
Drown, drown the miscreant in the bowl,
Drink, revel, and be merry.

Charmed with thy economic grace,
A treasurer's appropriate place
The Whigs shall lay before ye;
But tory curs, with popish yell,
Shall quickly snatch thy bone, and quell
Thy ministerial glory.

Thy genius senates shall admire,
And mourn, that, like a lambent fire,
To wanderers benighted,
It leads thy course, through mist and fogs,
To Faction's whirlpool, Party's bogs,
Where all is sunk and blighted.

Old Drury shall exalt thy fame,
And pleased Thalia shall exclaim,
Augustan days are coming:
But false the prophecy, for lo!
Thy muse degenerates in show
And pantomimic mumming.

The duns incessantly shall teaze,
And swarm around, like senseless bees,
Who plague a weed for honey.
While thou shalt answer their appeals,
With jokes, evasions, orders, meals,
With every thing but money.

Reflection will but sting thy heart,
If e'er thy bosom's warmth impart
A refuge to the viper.
Then revel, and the goblet drain,
Why should not Joy prolong her strain?
Thou'lt never pay the piper!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE publishers of this Journal have recently republished from the London copy, a singular work entitled Struggles through Life, exemplified in the various Travels and Adventures, of Lieutenant John Harriott, now resident magistrate of the Thames Police.

Although many of the most respectable British Journalists have very candidly appreciated the merit of Mr. H. as a narrator, yet some of the reviews of the first distinction, having, on the contrary, treated him very cavalierly, we deem it our duty fairly to state his pretensions to the favour of the Americans. We are the more solicitous to perform an act of justice to this adventurer, wanderer, projector, soldier, and seaman, because, unhappily for his fame, those foreign journals in which we think he is *abused*, have a wide circulation, and a powerful influence in this country.

These amusing volumes, for amusing they certainly are, remind us perpetually of Robinson Crusoe, the Memoirs of Captain Robert Boyle, and many other works of that class, which though but indifferently written, have acquired an unexampled share of popularity. The style of our military adventurer is certainly not a perfect model of eloquence, and he indulges himself sometimes in a strain of garrulity that has more relation to the prosing of my grandmother, than to the style either of the closet or the camp. But with these defects Mr. H. is generally a diverting, and often a very instructive companion. In his remarks on American manners or scenery, he is much more liberal than many of his predecessors, and, indeed, his language is for the most part, highly civil and complimentary. A very high sense of honour, seems to be a promment feature in our author's mind, and his noble behaviour and indefatigable perseverence in adversity, in sickness, and sorrow, are excellent stimulants to the children of misfortune. Some of the adventures which he records, are of a romantic cast, but many of his remarks and lessons are perfectly practical. His *Struggles* are sometimes those of a lion caught in the toils, and striving to get free; and his elastic mind still bounding under calamity's pressure, recalls to remembrance the fabulous legend of the palm-tree, which is said to exalt itself, and to flourish under every *weight* that can be imposed.

## THE SENTENTIOUS, OR SERIOUS WORLD.

We have read somewhere a collection of Italian and Spanish sayings; which, particularly the latter appeared, to possess uncommon merit. The good taste of Dr. Knox has preserved many of them in one of his valuable repositories of elegant literature. The following, though not equal in merit, sometimes exhibit wisdom in a nut-shell. Brief sentences of this cast are easily remembered, sink deeply into the mind, and often have a salutary influence over our behaviour.—EDITOR.

THE present mode of education is much better than was practised with the last generation, when a child was told, with an authoritative tone, that children must not ask questions..

It is astonishing what a little matter will disturb a man, when he is committing a dishonest act. The slightest noise alarms a housebreaker.

No man can make a pun whose heart is not at ease.

When you tell a pleasant story, a little embellishment is allowable.

A man, who has a competency, with a good understanding, a quiet temper, and a benevolent heart, enjoys as much happiness as human nature is capable of receiving.

What you purchase in an auction room, you will, in general, be glad to sell next day at an under price.

Any man may be a pedant, but to be a polite scholar is a very difficult attainment.

Man is like a barometer. His mind seldom remains long stationary.

Could the waters of Lethe be bought, thousands would become the purchasers.

The law allows of no mitigation of offences committed under the influence of ebriety.

If, by any accident, your income should become less, meet your misfortune bravely, and be not ashamed to contract your expenses.

If you dream of getting a prize in the lottery, you may be almost certain of waking without it.

Some men, unfortunately, entertain such high notions of honour as to be continually engaged in disputes and quarrels.

When you are invited to dinner, it is uncivil to send an excuse at a late hour; and, perhaps, upon a frivolous occasion. It always gives offence, as your place cannot be supplied on a short notice, and people love to have their table filled.

Families that once quarrel, are seldom cordially reconciled.

When every thing has left us, Hope abides by us to the last.

An unlettered man, with a good capacity, is like a rough diamond, that every one wishes to see polished.

*Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himself in them as in a looking glass.*

One eye of the master sees more than four eyes of his servant.

Working in your vocation is half praying.

Large trees give more shade than fruit.

When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain.

John Do-little was the son of Goody Spin-little.

The worst pig often gets the best pear.

Poor folks have neither kindred nor friends.

He who quakes with cold, either wants money to buy him clothes, or wit to put them on.

He who would have a thing done quickly and well, must do it himself.

Reason governs the Philosopher, and a cudgel the fool.

Love, Knavery and Necessity make men good orators.

When a man is tumbling down, every saint lends a hand.

A lewd bachelor makes a jealous husband.

That crown is well spent which saves you ten.

When you have any business with a man, give him title enough.

A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves.

A careful thoughtful man is half a conjurer.

Men toil, and take pains, in order to live easily at last.

Let us enjoy the present, we shall have trouble enough hereafter.

Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread.

Abate two thirds of all the reports you hear.

A fair face, and very little brains.

If two know it, all the world will know it too.

The world makes men drunk as much as wine.

Wine and youth are fire upon fire.

He who eats of but one dish never wants a physician.

From hearing, comes wisdom, and from speaking, repentance.

He who serves the public has but a scurvy master.

The mob is a terrible monster.

Hell is very full of good meanings and intentions.

A great many pair of shoes are worn out before men do all they say.

He counts very unskilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning.

Experience is the father, and Memory the mother of Wisdom.

Oil and Truth will get uppermost at last.

We ought not to give the fine flour to the devil and the bran to God.

He who is born of a hen must scrape for his living.

A man was hanged for saying what was true.

Since my house must be burnt, I will warm myself at it.

Tell every body your business, and the devil will do it for you.

'Tis truth which makes the man angry.

All is good that God sends us.

Do not all that you can do; spend not all you have; believe not all you hear; and tell not all you know.

LEGITIMATE LIBERTY IS TO SERVE OUR GRACIOUS GOD.

The common soldier's blood makes the general a great man.

Sickness is a personal citation before our Judge.

When children are little they sometimes make their parents heads ach, and when they are grown up they often make their hearts ach.

A huge house, a huge trouble.

Never advise a man to go to the wars, *nor to marry.**

Beauty beats a call upon a drum.

Make a slow answer to a hasty question.

Never count four except you have them in your bag.

Open your door to a fair day, and make yourself ready for a foul one.

That great saint, Interest, rules the world.

Take not physic, when you are well, lest you die, in order to be better.

A wise man will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the roots.

All row galley-wise; every man draws toward himself.

A little too late is too late still.

If you would be healthful, clothe yourself warm, and eat sparingly.

Good wine makes a bad head, and a long story.

Receive your money, before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it.

He who hath money and capers is provided for Lent.

Live well and be cheerful.

He who doth most at once, doth least.

Go as early as you may to market, and as late as you can to battle.

Thank you, good puss, starved my cat.

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* I know not how the ladies, who indisputably are warm advocates for matrimony, will relish this apothegm, which Hymen will forthwith pronounce to be a most damnable heresy. But my charming friends must remember that this cold and churlish saying is, probably, the rancorous effusion of some miserable monk, moping in his cloistered cell, who is debarred from all the joys of Juno, like another Ixion, and rails at what he cannot comprehend.

*Note by the Editor of The Port Folio.*

## MERRIMENT.

A CERTAIN ex minister, in the course of a speech in the House of Lords, said, that if any thing unjust or improper on his part, or on the part of those with whom he acted, was an obstruction to the war, he should not lie on his pillow with ease. On which, a member whispered another, If he cannot lie on his pillow with ease, he can *lie* in this house with ease.

—

A reverend divine being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled an *unfaithful shepherd*, from scarcely ever visiting his *flock*, defended himself by saying, he was always with them at *shearing time*.

—

An Irish *jolman* being asked how he liked the Parisian *elegantes*, said he liked them well enough, but he could not bear their *painting so barefacedly*.

—

The same votary of St. Patrick, one day found a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day, he saw another guinea lying in the street: Arrah, says he, I'll have *nothing to do with you*, I lost three shillings on your brother yesterday.

—

A certain *bruising* parson having been examined as a witness in the Court of King's Bench, the adverse counsel attempted to browbeat him; I think you are the *bruising parson*, said he. I am, said the divine, and if you doubt it, I'll give it to you *under my hand*.

## LEVITY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### A LOVER'S CONSOLATION.

A mistress I've lost, it is true;
But one comfort attends my disaster:
That, had she my mistress remained,
I could not have called myself master.

EPIGRAM.

A DOCTOR lately was a captain made.
It is a change of title, not of trade.

—

During Lord Malmesbury's negotiations at Lisle, there was published, in a Manchester paper, an advertisement of the sale of an estate, in which the advertiser announces that "he is appointed *plenipotentiary* to *treat* in this business; that he has *ample credentials*, and is prepared to *verify his powers*; that he will enter into *preliminaries* either on the principle of the *status quo* or the *uti possidetis*; that he is ready to receive the *projet* of any person desirous of making a purchase or exchange, and to deliver his *contre-projet* and *sine qua non*, or even at once to give his *ultimatum*, assuring the public, that, as soon as the *definitive treaty* shall be concluded, it will be *ratified* by his constituents, and duly *guarantied*."

—

Between the pulpit and the bar,
While thus you hesitate and trifle,
You're growing older than old Parr.
Johnny, indeed you waste your life ill.

If toward the church your zeal draws strong,
Three curacies are just now vacant.
If not, the law goes on ding dong.
Rouze up, and try what you can make on't.

Let us, at least, an *effort* see.
Be something, *any* thing, *for money*.
Zounds! while your doubting *what to be*,
You're likely to be *nothing*, Johnny.

—

The following poetical compliment is ascribed to Horace Walpole. Courtiers like him, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Littleton, have a peculiar power of gallantly addressing the ladies, in a manner of which no *vulgar* mortal can have the least conception. *Ed.*

What a rout do you make for a single sweet kiss!
I seized it, 'tis true, and I ne'er shall repent it.
May he ne'er enjoy one who shall think 'twas amiss;
But for me, I thank dear Cytherea who sent it.

You may pout, and look prettily cross; but I pray,
What business so near to my lips had your cheek?
If you will put temptation so pat in one's way,
Saints, resist if you can; but for *me*, I'm too weak.

But come, dearest Delia, our quarrel let's end;
Nor will I by force, what you gave not, retain.
By allowing the kiss I'm forever your friend.
If you say that I *stole* it, why *take it again.*

—

The following anecdote is perfectly well pointed:

A minister of state once related to a courtier the ridiculous manner in which the public councils are held in some of the nations of Africa. In the council chamber are placed twelve jars, half full of water. Twelve statesmen enter naked, and, stalking along with great gravity, each leaps into his jar, and immerses himself up to the chin, and in this attitude, well adapted for cool reflection, they deliberate on national affairs. You do not smile, continued the minister. No, rejoined the courtier, I see at home, every day a more ridiculous thing than this. Pray what? returned the minister. A country, replied the other, where the jars alone get in council.

—

Dr. Robertson, the historian, in the course of conversation with Horace Walpole, said, you must know, sir, that I look upon myself as a moderate whig. Mr. Walpole replied, Yes, doctor, I look upon you as a very moderate whig.

—

When a noted state criminal was tried at Edinburgh, for sedition, the lord justice Clark asked him, Hae you ony coonsel, mon? No. Do you want to hae ony appointed. I only want an interpreter, to make me understand what your lordship says.

—

A gentleman being informed that two of his female relations had quarreled, asked, Did they call each other ugly? No. Well, well, I shall soon reconcile them.

—

Lord Kelly, once asking one of your gentle shepherds for a toast, he gave Mirth and Innocence. The next toast being his lordship's, he gave Milk and Water.

—

The late Dr. Wilson, fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, in passing through the quadrangle one morning, met some wild Irish students, who passed without saluting him. The doctor called to one of these ill-bred sparks, and asked him, Do you know who I am, sir? No. How long have you been in college? Eight days. Oh! very well, said the doctor, walking off, puppies dont open their eyes till the ninth day.

## SARCASM.

A PICTURE of a certain divine, well known by the nickname of *Snake*, having appeared at one of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the following pungent paragraph, published in a morning paper, was made the subject of a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench, when lord Mansfield observed that he should be apt to excuse the libel for the sake of the wit.

" An artist admires the picture of the reverend parson Snake, in the exhibition, where he is drawn at full length, in a beautiful landscape, with a large tree, and attended by his faithful *Fidel*. He thinks, however, the *tree* wants *execution*, and that the painter has not done justice to the *dog*.

—

George II one day, sent, in a rage, for Mr. Pelham, to know why the civil list was not paid. Mr. Pelham said the money, destined for it, had been appropriated to another use, then more urgent. The king, with an oath, told Mr. P. that if he would not pay it, another minister should be selected who would. I shall not, said the sovereign, tamely consent to be the only master in the kingdom, who does not pay his servants.

—

A gentleman, haranguing on the perfection of the English law, and of its being equally open to the poor and the rich, was answered by his friend, So is the *devil* tavern.

—

The late witty earl of Kelly, in the younger part of his life, was terribly addicted to dissipation. One day his mother took him very severely to task for a debauch, and advised him to profit by the example of a certain gentleman, whose constant food was vegetables, and his drink pure water. What! Madam, said his Lordship, do you wish me to imitate a man, who eats, like *a beast*, and drinks, like *a fish*.

—

The same nobleman was once amusing his friends with an account of a sermon he had heard in Italy, in which the priest related the miracle of St. Antony, when preaching on shipboard, attracting the

fishes, which, in order to hear his pious discourse, held their heads out of the water. I can perfectly believe the miracle, said Harry Erskine. How so? Why, when your Lordship was at *church*, there was, at least, *one fish out of the water.*

—

One day, when Mr. Woodward and Mr. King were walking through the streets of Liverpool, where they were then performing, a chimney sweeper and his boy came up. The boy stopped and stared at them, and although his master called to him several times to come along, he still stood at a gaze, and, at length, exclaimed, Why they *be players.* Hold your tongue, you dog, said the old sweep, *you dont know what you may come to yourself.*

## PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Russian minister for the home department, has communicated to the Imperial academy of Petersburg, the following account of a meteoric stone, weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, that fell in the circle of Ichnow, in the government of Smolensko.

" In the afternoon of the 13th of March, 1807, a very violent clap of thunder was heard in that district. Two peasants, in the village of Timochim, being in the fields at the time, say, that at the instant of this tremendous report, they saw a large black stone fall about forty paces from them. They were stunned for a few minutes, but, as soon as they recovered themselves, ran towards the place, where the stone fell. They could not discover it, however, it had penetrated so deeply into the snow. On their report, several persons went to the spot, and got out the stone, which was above two feet beneath the surface of the snow. It was of an oblong shape, blackish, like cast iron, very smooth on all parts, and on one side resembling a coffin. On its flat surfaces were very fine radii resembling brass wire. Its fracture was of an ashen grey. Being conveyed to the gymnasium of Smolensko, a professor of natural philosophy there considered it at once as ferruginous

from the simple observation of its being extremely friable, and staining the fingers. The particles of which it is composed, contain a great deal of lime and sulphuric acid.

—

"On the 19th of April, 1808, at one o'clock in the afternoon, a great quantity of meteorolites fell in the commune of Pieve di Casignano, in the department of Taro (formerly the dutchess of Parma, and Placentia). The air was calm and the sky serene, but with a few clouds. Two loud explosions were heard, followed by several less violent, after which, several stones fell. A farmer, who was in the fields, saw one fall about fifty paces from him, and bury itself in the ground. It was burning hot. A fragment of one of these stones is deposited in the museum at Paris.

—

The cultivation of the cotton-tree, as well as of the sweet potato, from St. Domingo, has been introduced in the southern departments of France.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We have so much respect for the *Rolliad*, one of the wittiest of local and temporary satires, and for the *Fugitive*, legitimate comedy, justly praised by the exquisite taste of Mr. Sheridan, that we are delighted to find a complete edition of the works of their admirable author thus announced:

*Literary Relics of the late Joseph Richardson, Esq. formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, Barrister, and Member of Parliament for Newport, in Cornwall.*

These remains of a gentleman highly esteemed and admired by his friends, who were unfortunately deprived of him, while he might be said to be in the prime of life, consist of the comedy of the Fugitive, and a few short poems, which were chiefly college exercises. The Fugitive is a work, that shows a degree of intellectual power, which surpasses most of those authors who may be considered as the dramatic corps of the day, the *body guards* of theatrical mo-

narchs, and if the characters in this comedy were properly cast, it might become one of the stock pieces of the stage. The poems indicate a delicate and elegant mind, which, if it had not been seduced into the thorny path of politics, might have produced many works of standard merit. These precious relics of the amiable author are preceded by a short, and, we believe, an impartial biography. The whole was prepared and arranged by his widow, and published by subscription, for her advantage. We are glad to see a very large list of subscribers, as we trust that the publication has been beneficial to the family of the author, as well as honourable to his memory. We have always understood that Mr. Richardson eminently contributed to that popular engine of its party, the Rolliad, and we find that the fact is ascertained in this publication by a specification of the numbers which came from his hand. The whole forms a very handsome quarto volume, and is enriched with a head of the author, engraved from an excellent portrait by Shee, which has all the spirit, and fidelity usual in the works of that able artist, and animated poet.

## SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

In a very late number of Tilloch's justly celebrated Philosophical Magazine, we observe that an octavo volume is just published in London, entitled Facts and Experiments on the use of sugar in feeding stock, with an appendix, containing an account of two sugar fed oxen, which obtained Lord Somerville's prize at the late cattle show. So much is said and written of late, by the whole choir of Chymists on the nutriment to be derived from saccarine matter, that we are compelled to believe something on the faith both of integrity and science; and yet the results of experiments, upon children, the aged, and the dyspeptic, are so much at variance, that the mind is frequently perplexed with the adjustment of opposing probabilities. We shall be extremely glad if, by the aid of some of the learned, we could peruse a satisfactory as well as a scientific memoir upon this interesting topic.

Joseph Gandy, A. R. A. has just published a very interesting work in quarto, price two guineas, entitled Designs for Cottages, Cottage Farms, and other rural buildings; including entrance Gates and Lodges. Designed in a style of superior beauty, and possessing every advantage of interior accommodation, and economical arrangement, with forty-three plates, each accompanied with a ground plan, estimate, and letter press descriptions.

Plate 1, a cottage of one room, for a labourer, gate keeper, &c. 2, another. 3, a cottage with conveniences for keeping pigs, &c. 4, do. of two rooms, intended for a park. 5, a double cottage. 6, a cottage for a labourer who keeps a cow, &c. 7, another. 8, do. of two rooms. 9, do. with a bed room above stairs. 10, an ornamental cottage for a gentleman's grounds. 11, cottage with bed rooms above. 12, cottage with cow house, &c. under one roof. 13, ornamental cottage for a park. 14, a cottage dwelling of two rooms. 15, picturesque cottage for a shepherd. 16, cottage and bridge. 17, country residence with bed rooms above. 18, plan for two or four cottages on the banks of a river, and sketch for a bridge. 19, picturesque farm dwelling. 20, a small country residence. 21, a cottager's dwelling. 22, a greenhouse and conservatory, with residence for the gardener. 23, farrier's shop, with stables and habitation annexed. 24, a picturesque cottage of three rooms. 25, a cottage of three rooms. 26, habitation near a market town. 27, a picturesque building, designed for a public house. 28, residence for a market man. 29, a double cottage, with conveniences for farming. 30, picturesque double cottage. 31, a small farm. 32, picturesque farm house. 33, a grazing farm. 34, gentleman's farming residence. 35, circular group of eight cottages. 36, plan for a village. 37, a country residence, or hunting box. 38, a double lodge, an arched entrance to a park. 39, single lodge and gate. 40. single lodge and covered way. 41, a double lodge, consisting of thatched cones. 42, a lodge with octagon piers and ornaments. 43, a lodge and arched gate way.

Another work of a similar character has just made its appearance, with the following interesting title:

The Rural Architect; consisting of various designs for country buildings; accompanied with ground plans, estimates of expenses, and descriptions. Here we have graphical representations of cottages of the most simple form, and economical construction; offices, dairies, mills, group of cottages, designed for the neighbourhood of a manufactory, gardener's cottage, bath, double cottages, cottages for three, four, or five families, ornamental cottages, plan of a manufactory and workshops, groups of cottages designed upon a principle of exciting emulation and rewarding meritorious exertion, habitation for an overseer of

labourers, arable, dairy, and grazing farms, an inn, villas and small country dwellings, entrance gates, single and double lodges, &c. &c.*

—

A practical husbandman, of the highest authority, assures his countrymen, that the golden rule of agriculture to use such manures as will make heavy land lighter, and light land heavier, cold land hotter, and hot land colder must never be lost sight of. He who knows and follows this rule, and he only is a farmer.

—

The art of printing from stone continues to be practised with great success on the continent. At Stutgard a printing office has been established, for a more extensive application of this new invention. The engraving of music has been the chief branch to which it has hitherto been directed on the continent.

—

*More balloons !* We had supposed, that, since the frightful fall, and horrible death of poor Rozier, that balloons were greatly on the decline ; but it seems that aerial navigation is again revived.

—

M. Degen, a watchmaker of Vienna, has invented a machine for raising a person into the air. It is formed of two kinds of parachutes of taffeta, which may be folded up or extended at pleasure. M. Degen made several public experiments, and rose to the height of fifty-four feet,† *flying in all directions with the celerity of a bird.*

—

On the 22d August, 1808, Messrs. Andreoli and Brioschi, of Padua, ascended in a balloon, amidst an immense concourse of spectators. Soon after leaving the ground, the barometer having fallen to fifteen inches,

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* This and the preceding article we copied, that our booksellers may import these useful books into America, and that vulgar Ignorance and Prejudice may, at least in this instance, discern that Genius and Art, even in a monarchy, do not always toil for the aristocracy alone ; but that poor men's cottages, as well as rich men's palaces, are wisely planned and economically erected. *Editor.*

† Our friend, M. Degen, the German watchmaker, is now perfectly well qualified to publish a supplement to Dr. Johnson's dissertation on the art of flying, so satisfactorily expounded in Rasselas. But our volant Viennese is not the only high-flyer on the continent, as we learn below ; but if the palpitation either of fear or anguish, or the lethargy of palsy are to be the consequences of soaring, let us, in the name of Prudence and Humanity, grovel on the ground. *Editor.*

M. Brioschi began to feel an extraordinary palpitation of the heart. The barometer afterwards fell to twelve inches, and he was overcome with a gentle sleep, which ended in a complete lethargy. The balloon continued ascending; and when the barometer stood at nine, M. Andreoli perceived the machine was completely inflated, and that he could not move his left hand. The mercury continuing to descend marked eight inches and a half, [about six miles and a quarter high] a violent detonation* was heard from the balloon, which then descended with great rapidity, and M. Brioschi awoke. The aeronauts alighted safely on the hill of Eugenea, not far from Petrarch's tomb, about twelve miles from Padua. the voyage lasted from half past three until half past eight o'clock.

—

The appearance of an enormous sea serpent,† eighty feet long and of proportionate bulk, among the western isles of Scotland, appears to be fully proved by respectable testimony.

—

Baron Lutgendorf, long known as a traveller and voyager, has contrived a machine by which a person may exist under water, without fear of being drowned. It is a kind of cuirass, which admits of the body assuming every possible position, and which is said to be extremely useful in saving persons in danger of being drowned. The police of Vienna have purchased a considerable number of these machines, with the view of bringing up drowned persons from the bottom of the Danube.

—

James C. Murphey, of Edward-street, Cavendish square,, architect, who, during a residence of eight years on the continent, has discovered the manner of designing, making, and forming mosaics, and ornaments in the Arabian style, which he purposes to apply to divers art and manufactories, has obtained a patent for the same.

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* *Anglice*, the balloon burst, and why necks were not broken does not appear.

† Halsydrus Pontoppidani.

## ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

# THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara,
In the Autumn of 1803.

*BY THE AUTHOR OF AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.*

(*Continued from page* 458.)

THROUGH this sweet vale, that wooded hills enclose,
A clear deep stream in glassy silence flows;*
There sportive trout disturb the dimpling tide,
And shoals of salmon, pike and suckers glide;
Thick vines and sycamores in rich array,
Bend o'er its banks, and mark its winding way;
Gigantic walnuts, bare and blasted, rise
And stretch their bleach'd arms midway to the skies;†
There sits the hawk,‡ inured to feasts of blood,
Watching the scaly tenants of the flood;
Or listening, pensive, to the distant roar
Of yon white falls that down the mountain pour;
Thence to the lake broad level marshes spread,
Where close rank reeds conceal the Muskrat's bed;
Above, around, in numerous flocks are seen
Long lines of ducks o'er this their fav'rite scene;

---

* Catharine's Creek, which forms the head waters of the Seneca Lake, and falls into its southern extremity. From this lake to the landing, a distance of about five miles, the creek is navigable for large loaded boats. The country between this place and Newton, on the Susquehanna, is generally level; and the distance, in a direct line, probably not more than twenty miles. The practicability of uniting these two waters, by a canal, at a comparatively small expense, and the immense advantages that would result from the completion of such an undertaking, have long been evident to all those acquainted with that part of the country.

† Some of these trees, owing to the richness of the soil, grow to an extraordinary size. I measured one that was nearly thirty feet in circumference.

‡ The fishing-hawk, or osprey; differing considerably from the bird of that name in Europe.

Some to the lake in wedged divisions bend;
Some o'er the creek in lengthening showers descend.
Ah, how could sportsman such a sight survey
Nor seek to share the pleasures of the day!
Do well-drest beauties shun theatric walls?
Or sleeps the swain when his own sweetheart calls?
A skiff and paddles near the landing lay,
Two striplings proffer'd to conduct my way,
Fix'd in the bow for slaughter I prepare,
The deadly barrels ready pois'd in air;
Slow round an opening point we softly steal,
Where four large ducks in playful circles wheel,
The far-fam'd *canvass-backs** at once we know,
Their broad flat bodies wrapt in pencill'd snow;
The burnish'd chesnut o'er their necks that shone,
Spread deepening round each breast a sable zone;
Wary they gaze——our boat in silence glides,
The slow-mov'd paddles steal along the sides;
Quick flashing thunders roar along the flood,
And *three* lie prostrate vomiting their blood!
The *fourth* aloft on whistling pinions soar'd,
One fatal glance the fiery thunders pour'd,
Prone drops the bird amid the dashing waves,
And the clear stream his glossy plumage laves.
Now all around us rising trains appear,
Wild whistling wings on every hand we hear!
Th' alarm of death, amid their legions spread,
In files immense they winnow overhead;
Hoarse heavy geese scream up the distant sky,
And all the thunders of our boat defy;
Close under rustling vines, we skulking glide,
Till the loud uproar and alarm subside;
Here grapes delicious, clustering, hung around,
The mother vines through bending birches wound;
Not richer ripen on Vesuvius' side,
Than here spontaneous nodded o'er the tide.

* These celebrated and justly esteemed ducks, appear to be the *Anas Ferina* of Lin. From the great abundancy of their favourite food, (the roots of the Valiseneria Americana,) in the tide waters of many of our large rivers, it is probable that their flesh is much more delicious here than in Europe.

Now all again is silent and serene,
Slow glides our skiff along the glassy scene,
O'er the flat marsh we mark the plovers* sweep,
And, clust'ring close, their wheeling courses keep,
Till, like a tempest, as they past us roar,
Whole crowds descend, to rise again no more;
Prone on the sand, the snowy tribe are spread,
Then hove on board, and pil'd among the dead.
Beyond a point, just opening to the view,
A fleet of ducks† collect their scatter'd crew,
Part, soon alarm'd, with sudden splattering soar,
The rest remaining seek the farther shore;
There, cross a neck, conceal'd by sheltering vines,
Down the smooth tide I view their floating lines,
With sudden glance the smoky vengeance pour,
And death and ruin spread along the shore!
The dead and dying mingling, float around,
And loud the shoutings of my guides resound.
But now the Lake‡ wide opening spreads below,
Bright o'er its smooth expanse the sunbeams glow,
There downward skies in concave vast appear,
And circling wide complete one boundless sphere;
Far spreading forests from its shores ascend;
And tow'ring headlands o'er the flood impend;
These, deep below, in soften'd tints are seen,
Where Nature smiles upon herself serene.
O lovely scenes! In ecstasy I cry'd,
That sink to nothing all the works of pride!
What are the piles that puny mortals rear,
Their temples, towers, however great or fair,
Their mirrors, carpets, tapestry, and state,
The nameless toys that Fashion's fools create,

* These were of various kinds; among which I found two species hitherto undescribed.

† The black-duck, *Anas Perspillata*, very numerous here.

‡ The Seneca Lake. This beautiful sheet of water is about forty miles long, by from one and a half to three miles in breadth. The shores are generally precipitous, consisting of a brittle blue slate, in which many curious impressions of marine shells are perceivable. In a short search I found upwards of twenty.

To this resplendent dome of earth and sky,
Immensely stretch'd! immeasurably high!
Those yellow forests, ting'd with glowing red,
So rich around in solemn grandeur spread,
Where, here and there, in lazy columns rise,
The woodman's smoke, like incense to the skies!
This heaven-reflecting Lake, smooth, clear, profound,
And that primæval peace that reigns around!
As well may worms compare with souls divine
As Art, O NATURE! match her works with thine.
Now high in heav'n the hastening sun had sped,
My comrades, too, were trudging far ahead,
Pil'd at my feet enough of carnage lay,
So slow to shore we cut our liquid way,
There, where a hill the level marsh confines,
Lifts its rough front, and o'er the Lake reclines,
Where glittering through the trees that rise below,
A brawling cataract falls in sheets of snow,
Prone from the precipice, and steals unseen,
Through birchen thickets to the lake serene,
While soften'd echoes join in cadence sweet,
And sheltering scenery form a blest retreat;
There, on the slaty shore, my spoils I spread,
Ducks, plover, teal, the dying and the dead;
Two snow-white storks,* a crane of tawny hue
Stretch'd their long necks amid the slaughter'd crew.
A hawk,† whose claws, white tail, and dappl'd breast,
And eye, his royal pedigree confest,
Snipes, splendid summer-ducks,‡ and divers wild,
In one high heap, triumphantly I pil'd;

---

* *Ardea Alba* of Lin. These are only summer birds; and very transient visitants in these northern regions.

† The white-tailed eagle (*Falco fulvus*), so much sought after by the Indians of North America for its quill and tail feathers, with which they plume their arrows, ornament their calumet, and adorn their dresses. It inhabits from Hudson's Bay to Mexico. The claws and beak of this bird are of an extraordinary size.

‡ Called by some the wood-duck (*Anas Sponsa*), the most beautiful of its tribe in North America. They are easily tamed, and become very familiar. About thirty-five years ago, a Mr. Nathan Nicols, who resided in Maryland, on the west side of Gunpowder river, succeeded completely in

Then joining heads that ne'er were join'd before,
Across my gun the feathery burden bore;
Sought out the path that scal'd the mountain's side,
Farewell! "Goodbye!" the smiling younkers cry'd;
Up through th' incumbent shades I took my way,
They to their boat with glittering *dollar* gay.
The day was hot, the load of ponderous size,
To heav'ns own gates the mountain seem'd to rise;
Large ruin'd logs the winding labyrinth crost,
And soon the path in tangling brush was lost.
Up these rough steeps I bore my plunder through,
That still more priz'd and more oppressive grew,
Till, drench'd with sweat, I gain'd the mountain's head,
And steer'd as chance or blind conjecture led;
Fill'd the deep forest with the shouts I made,
That dy'd, unanswer'd, through the distant shade;
While startl'd squirrels, mounting in affright,
Look'd down, and chatter'd, at th' alarming sight,
At length two guns, that made the mountain roar,
Produc'd an answering peal from those before;
And ten long miles in doubt and drudgery past,
I reach'd my comrades and the road at last;
Where peals of mirth succeeding their amaze,
They shar'd my load, and loaded me with praise.

(*To be continued.*)

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## TO ELIZA.

Air—"*Kind deary O.*"

ANGELIC Fair! my life's delight!
Stay, stay, O do not flee me, O;
Mild as the day-star's trembling light,
In dreams of bliss I see thee O.

---

domesticating these ducks; so that they bred and multiplied with him in great numbers. In their wild state they build in hollow trees, and fly directly in, without alighting at the entrance.

Thy finish'd form, too, lovely maid,
I wish forever, near me, O;
Thy face in heav'nly smiles array'd,
With bliss divine can cheer me O.

Spher'd in thine eye enchantments gleam;
'Tis rapture to be near thee O,
Each virtue of celestial beam
Shines lovely in my deary O.

The native sweetness of thy mind
Lights up the face that's dreary O.
My heart in purest love is shrin'd,
I'm thine for aye my deary O.

OSCAR.

*Norfolk, 9th August*, 1809.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

RUMMAGING an old port-folio, the other day, I glanced at the original, of which I inclose a copy. To a man of any taste, the least morceau, the production of an author of celebrity, is precious. The original is in the hand-writing of my father, who took it down, I know, at least twenty years ago, from a friend of Dr. Moore's; who used frequently to amuse an idle hour, by repeating it among others, as an original, never published, and highly characteristic. The gentlemen delineated, excepting one, are all dead. Their names, however, live in the warm recollection of many of the most respectable people in Virginia; where many of their connexions are settled; and with which State, previous to our happy revolution, most of them carried on a very extensive trade. With the talents and urbanity of the others, in the learned professions, such of your *medical* readers, as have devoted a few of their early years to study, *in the land of cakes*, are familiar.

If the works of the *Father* have given lustre to his name, in the fields of literature, the friends of man, and rational liberty, have to deplore the deathless fame, achieved, in the field of Mars, by his gallant *Son*, cut off, in the bloom of life, after effecting a retreat, which, for cool and determined bravery, and distinguished skill, has scarcely a parallel, since the age of Xenophon.

When I can command time, I may give you some more scraps from my port-folio, which never saw the light of day, and which I think worth preserving. Meantime,

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

NETHERHILL.

*Philad. April* 10, 1809.

## *SONG,*

## ON THE GLASGOW HODGE PODGE CLUB.

BY THE LATE DR. MOORE.

A CLUB of choice fellows each fortnight employ,
An evening in laughter, good humour, and joy;
Like the National Council they often debate,
And settle the army, the navy, the state,
Derry down, &c.

If you would know, somewhat more of this class,
Like the kings in Macbeth, one by one they shall pass:
The man, who cant bear a good-natur'd rub,
I am sure is unworthy a place in this club,
Derry down, &c.

The first of the list is stout *Thomas** the tall,
Who can make us all laugh, though he laughs at us all:
But, enter now, *Thomas*, you and I, if you please,
Must take care, not to laugh ourselves out of our *fees*,
Derry down, &c.

Rough *Peter's*† the next of the group, that appear,
With his weather-beat face, and his heathery hair;
His humour is blunt, and his sayings are snell:
He's a damn'd honest heart, in a villainous shell,
Derry down, &c.

---

* Dr. *Thomas Hamilton*, an eminent physician, and professor of anatomy in Glasgow College.

† *Peter Blackburn*, Esq. merchant. Mr. Blackburn, Chesnut-street, in this city, lately deceased, was cousin to this gentleman.

Honest *Davis** slinks in, with a slovenly air,
Belov'd by his friends, though o'erlook'd by the Fair,
About ladies, and dress, he ne'er troubles his head;
But pulls out his pigtail, and takes to the quid,
Derry down, &c.

What whistling and singing now grateth our ears;
By the music, 'tis *Campbell* † of Clathie appears:
To do good, he in will, nor ability, fails,—
I wish he'd leave whistling, and mumping his nails,
Derry down, &c.

With feelings too keen to be ever at ease,
A lover of satire, though afraid to displease;
Applauded, a wit, but when censur'd, a dunce;
Retort on *Dunlop*,‡ and you gag him at once,
Derry down, &c.

An obsequious Doctor§ appears next in view,
Who smoothly glides in, with a minuet bow;
In manners so soft, in apparel how trig,
And a vast deal of physic contain'd in his wig,
Derry down, &c.

Does a merchant, a squire, or a soldier come next,
Or a medley of all the three characters mixt:
No better companion, than *Baird*,‖ have I known;
When he apes no man's manners—but sticks to his own,
Derry down, &c.

Easy *Murdoch*¶ comes sauntering, as if in a dream,
Who ne'er strives with the current, but flows with the stream;

---

* *Dr. Crosse*, an amiable and eminent clergyman.

† *John Campbell*, Esq of Clathie, an eminent merchant, and banker.

‡ *James Dunlop*, Esq. of Garnkirk, also an eminent merchant, and high personal talents. This gentleman is still alive, and has some sons, I believe, respectable merchants in Virginia.

§ Dr. *Stevenson*; a fashionable and eminent physician, professor of medicine in Glasgow College, and brother-in-law to the celebrated Dr. Hope of Edinburg.

‖ *John Baird*, Esq. of Craigton, a respectable landholder, or country squire.

¶ *Peter Murdoch*, Esq. a respectable merchant.

In your voyage through life, *Peter*, choose your friends well;
'Tis in their power to land you, in heaven or in hell,
Derry down, &c.

What precise, dapper gentleman now treads the scene,
So grave in his dress, so composed in his mien:—
Why, *Ritchie*,* run contrary to general rule;—
He always looks wise, though he's never a fool,
Derry down, &c.

Begot, born, and bred, in John Calvin's meek faith,
How darest thou rage, like a Pagan, in wrath;
"If works without faith, are not call'd to account,
"*Gad damme*," says *Archy*,† "if my soul will mount,"
Derry down, &c.

A pair of *gold* buckles, without any carving;
The figure and workmanship not worth a farthing;
At home manufactur'd, and plenty of metal,
An emblem of *Orr*,‡ and it fits to a tittle,
Derry down, &c.

The surly companion, he brings up the rear;
Who looks so morose, and still speaks with a sneer,
Would fain have you think him a poet and wit;
But, egad, *Dr. Moore*,§ you are damnably bit,
Derry down, &c.

---

* *James Ritchie*, Esq. an eminent banker and merchant. A son of this gentleman fell in a duel, a few years ago, in Virginia.

† *Archibald Henderson*, Esq. an eminent merchant, son of a respectable clergyman. A brother of this gentleman lives on his estate, nigh Dumfries, Virginia, and one of his sons was a merchant lately at Alexandria.

‡ *John Orr*, Esq. an eminent lawyer, and city clerk of Glasgow.

§ The *Author* closes up the rear, in the last verse, descriptive of himself.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IF the following trifle is deemed worthy of a place in The Port Folio, a few, at least, of Mr. Oldschool's subscribers will be gratified. It is offered by one whose former contributions to that Miscellany, were received with some little applause; and who may possibly be recollected as the author of "Emily Hammond," "An Essay on shaking hands," and half a dozen "poetical posies," presented in 1807.

The writer is well aware that, in the present form of The Port Folio, less room is probably afforded for the sportive effusions of Taste, Sentiment, or Frolic, than its former weekly publication furnished: and on this account he is prepared to expect either Criticism or Rejection.

WHAT, Harry! still solus? no *wife* in the chace?
Still afraid of that soul-chilling "No?"
Poor faint-hearted soul! how I pity your case!
More timid the older you grow.

Here are blue eyes and black eyes—the fair and brunette—
The grave, the coquette, and the prude:
From stately Melinda to fidgetting Bet:
"I know it—*I would if I could.*"

See Clara—sweet model of feminine grace!
How can you behold her unmov'd!
A temper more sweet, or a lovlier face,
Might be *worshipp'd*, but could not be lov'd.

Will sighing and wishing e'er bring to your arms,
A damsel so charming and good?
Not a single endeavour for so many charms?
"Dont teaze me—*I would if I could.*"

On Mira's blue eye could an anchorite gaze,
Nor kindle amain at the view?
With calmness to glance on so 'witching a face,
Was reserv'd for a puppy like you.

The rose and the lily bloom bright on her cheek—
Her lips! how with nectar imbu'd!
You monster of dulness! and why dont you speak,
"Why hang ye!—*I would if I could!*"

Have J—'s attractions no longer a charm?
Or what can have render'd them less?
Can sweetness so touching, and goodness so warm
Excite not a wish to possess?

Your sense of her merit you oft have avow'd—
By heav'n you deserve a ratan—
Go—whine, like a school-boy, "*I would if I could,*"
"*God help me!—I will if I can.*"

W.

---

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE following elegant, erudite and sublime poem, equally destitute of hyperbole and bombast, was composed under the full inspiration of a long beard and the *unpaid bill* of my tailor.

## THE TONSORIAD.

O, FOR a quill from Python's dragon wing,
Fledged with his scales, and pointed with his sting;
O, for an ink-horn of Etnean height,
Whose crater's depth should mock an ocean's right;
O, for a Stygian stream of ink more black
Than soul of Satan, or than Cackle's clack;
O, for a page of lamellated snow,
Whose tangent plane might hide the world below;
O, for an arm, with giant's sinews wound,
To drive this pen and ink this page around;
To frank at once to everlasting fame
Imperial *Huggins'* death-defying name;
Sylphs, ye that lead, the salient hairs among,
In stern array, your tardy marching throng,
Pierce, with keen tubes, the prurient folds of skin,
And suck your gory nurture from within!
You shrunk amazed, and trembled at the sight,
When, comb in hand, stern *Huggins* rush'd to light—
Seiz'd the long nose, the trembling whiskers smote,
Strapp'd his keen blade, and shav'd the subject throat.
Lo, in his halls the matchless shaver stands,
The keen steel glittering in his technic hands;

High round his head the fragrant vapours bend,
And hills of soap in airy froth ascend,
John Bulls and Emperors grin upon the wall,
Dogs war with cats, and wives with husbands brawl.
Thick round the room expectant phizzes wait,
Shake the long beard or mourn the naked pate.
Then flies more swift, than Jove's fulmineous flame,
The well strapp'd edge, with beard-subduing aim.
The pilose ranks tumultuous seek the ground,
And beard and lather smoke confus'd around.
So when ten pins in dazzling order stand,
A chief in front, in rear a marshall'd band;
The well-form'd phalanx spreads its angles wide,
And stern defiance scowls on every side.
Then urged with skill, the bounding boards along
The rotund Ruin rushes on the Throng,
The staggering Ranks confess unknown alarms,
While Gravitation drags them to his arms.
Each pin expiring gives his friend a hunch,
And men and generals tumble in a bunch!
So erst two brethren climb'd the cloud-capp'd hill,
Ill-fated Jack and long-lamented Jill;
Snatch'd from the lucid fount its crystal store,
And the full pail with hearts exulting bore.
No grog was there their senses to assail,
Pure was the wave and pure the painted pail—
But, ah, no lack of grog, no pail so neat
Could hold their heads, or fix their fault'ring feet—
Pate-broken Jack came blundering down the hill,
And, blundering after, came the pail and Jill.
O'er Beauty's tresses next the shaver rears
His high ignited tongs, and glittering shears;
Winds, with nice kink, the convoluted curl,
The thin hairs yielding to his forceful twirl,
Waves his bright blades, and leads with airy grace,
The spiral ringlets down the lovely face;
Scissors and eyes in rival radiance seen
Dispense o'erpowering lustre round the scene.
Should some huge lens from northern ices hewn,
Pour hell's hot focus on the orb of noon,
Not half so bright the encountering blaze would rise,
As springs from Huggins' shears and Delia's eyes!

IMPERIAL SHAVER! on thy laurell'd brow
Roses shall bloom, and wigs spontaneous grow,
On slaughter'd Beards thy airy Throne shall rise,
And piles of whiskers lift thee to the skies;
There as thou sits't in Fashion's cause sublime,
Shaking thy razor-strap o'er many a clime,
Each rival barber at thy shrine shall bow,
Till Time expire, and Beards forget to grow.

B.

## EPIGRAMS.

**ON seeing Miss Sims of Covent Garden Theatre, in Fanny, in the Maid of the Mill.**

From *Norwood*, say what *Gipsy's* this? Who knows?
'Tis Sims, who all excels in furtive arts,
For other gipsies only steal our clothes,
This little gipsy steals our very hearts.

---

Dear honey, says Pat, I'm just come to town,
Quite speechless amid from the late expedition,
But to make out the use of it bodders my crown,
Pray, what think *you* of it? I ask, with submission,

Says Dermot, 'Twas meant a *diversion*, that's all;
Profound was the plan, and too wise to be scoff'd at;
A *diversion*, cries Pat, you it rightly may call,
For, wherever we went, we were sure to be *laugh'd at*.

---

On the controversy respecting the dramatic merits of Messrs. Mossop and Ross.

Some they cry Ross up,
And some they cry Mossop,
Which is the best is not the contest,
But which is the worst is a toss up.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE *SCOUNDREL** WILLIAM III.

Round William's chair, in triple rows,
The courtiers stood to gaze,
And every tongue in flattery dipt,
Bedaub'd him o'er with praise.

I pray you friend, said *surly John*,
Who stood behind the chair,
Do ope that window, and let out
This d——d *corrupted air*.

---

Epigram, written by the celebrated Caleb Whitefoord, Esq. on Mr. Colman's dramatic piece, called The Spleen, or Islington Spa.

Wit, humour, character, and well-wrought scene;
Can these the envious critics rage allay?
Ah, Colman, no; they only cause more *Spleen*
Than twenty city *Spas* can wash away.

And is there then, alas! no method left,
Of such curst carpers to escape the fury?
Yes; copy *them*, subsist *by lies and theft*,
Be dull, and *underwrite*, and I'll *insure* you.

---

Codrus, alas! to wit or sense,
Alike we both make vain pretence;
Since all the world both claims denies,
The foolish mine, and yours the *wise*.

---

EPIGRAM, ON SAM FOOTE.

Unless puns and bon mots with good humour you blend,
You may oft *gain admirers*, more oft *lose a friend;*
Though our fancies, sharp Sam, are oft pleased with your wit,
Yet our feelings are hurt, by each "palpable hit;"
Thus a monkey diverts by his tricks; but alas,
What dire havoc he makes with our *china and glass!*

---

* Dr. Johnson.

## EPITAPH,

ON LUKE LONG, A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

As souls, of late, through heaven's gate pass'd,
St. *Peter*, who survey'd the throng,
Exclaim'd *Long looked* for comes at last,
For here, at last, comes my *Luke Long*.

## ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN class of the Parisians busy themselves in prying into the circumstances of Bonaparte's birth and education, in order to furnish food for scandal. A lady, wishing to mortify Madame Bonaparte, asked her whether she was fully acquainted with her husband's origin. I know, and all Europe knows, replied the Empress, that he is the son of *Mars* and *Fortune*.

—

The late Lord Strichen, a Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland, a very worthy man, but no conjurer, was in company, when it was observed by some one, that dull boys at school often proved very ingenious men. It is very true, said his lordship, I was a dull boy at school myself.

—

An officer's *servant* in Gloucestershire, having taken offence at something said by the clerk of the parish, thought it incumbent upon him, as a *gentleman*, to send the other a challenge to fight with pistols, to which the following answer was given: Abraham Amen conceiving that murder with fire arms is the exclusive privilege of men of honour, and of cavaliers, refuses to fight with the upstart Bob Bouncer, in the manner he requires; but, as, by the laws of duelling, the person challenged, has a right to choose his weapons, Abraham Amen will meet the said Bouncer, even on a Sunday, and on consecrated ground, to the praise and glory of God, with *two staves*.

—

A little girl, on hearing that her mother had lost a law suit, said, Dear mamma, I am quite glad that you have lost that plaguey suit, that used to vex you so.

In the parlour of a public house in Fleet-street, there is inscribed over the chimney-piece, the following notice: Gentlemen, *learning to spell*, are requested to use *yesterday's paper*.

## BANTER.

Dr. Egerton, the late Bishop of Durham, on coming to that See, employed a person of the name of *Due*, as his agent, to discover the true value of the estates held by lease under him, and, in consequence of Due's report, greatly raised both the fines and rents of his tenants; on which account the following toast was frequently drank in that diocese: May the *Lord* take the *Bishop*, and the *Devil* have his *Due*.

—

A nobleman, remarkably abstemious, was chiding one of his workmen for often getting drunk. It is astonishing, said his Lordship, that all good workmen are addicted to drunkenness. Then, answered the man, your Lordship, I presume is *not a good workman*.

—

Henry IV, of France, had received notice of the conspiracy of Marshal Biron. It was observed by a nobleman, that the marshal was one of the best card players at court. He *plays* very well, said the King, but he *makes his parties* very ill.

—

On account of the great number of suicides lately in Dublin, an Irish member of the House of Commons, moved for leave to bring in a bill making suicide a *capital offence*.

—

The author of the tragedy of Douglas makes his hero repeat

> Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
> And *inaccessible*, by shepherds trod,
> A hermit liv'd.

Pray, Mr. Author, by what sort of path did the shepherds reach this inaccessible mountain's brow?

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

MUCH indisposition and the calamities of the times have, with despotic sway, forbidden us the discharge of some of our editorial duties, and the indulgence of some of our privileges. Among the latter we class that of occasionally addressing our friends with a cheerful greeting; rendering thanks for literary service; indicating merit, wherever it may be found; and inviting communications from the virtuous and the wise.

—

We acknowledge the resources, worship the genius, and applaud the spirit of HILARIO. His truly independent mind soars on eagle pinions beyond the miry realms of *carking Care*, and, in the very notes of Cheerfulness he exclaims,

Many, I see, have riches plenty,
Fine coaches, livery servants twenty;
But Envy never pains me.
My appetite is good as theirs,
I sleep as sound, as free from cares,
I'VE ONLY WHAT MAINTAINS ME.

And while the precious joys I prove
Of *Bob's* true friendship, and the love
Of *roguish black-eyed* Jenny,
Ye gods! my wishes are confined
To health of body, peace of mind,
Clean linen and a guinea.

—

For the biography of General Gates, than which few articles in The Port Folio will be perused with more patriotic pride, we are indebted to the splendid genius and indefatigable industry of a gentleman who, in our rivetted opinion, is in the very first rank of our authors, and whose lucid style, fashioned after the best models, is in the purest taste of composition.

—

The author of a speculation, not more elaborate than ingenious, entitled Man Constitutionally Moral, is assured that his theory is greatly admired by the best judges. We are not much in the habit of perusing pages where metaphysical distinctions greatly predominate; but our author has arrayed his Abstraction in a garb so agreeable and popular, that we accompany him with sensations of a much more lively character than we felt when studying either John Locke or Bishop Berkley. After thus sincerely praising this performance, which is highly

evincive of the author's acuteness and dexterity of argumentation, we cannot omit to notice, with complacency, his laudable mode of calling up historical testimony, and summoning Fact, Experience, and Anecdote as auxiliaries to moral and metaphysical analysis. This plan was successfully pursued by my lord Kaimes, in his Sketches of the History of Man, and is by no means awkwardly imitated by our author. We feel a pleasure in thanking this gentleman on another account. In the zeal of a controversialist, he has never forgotten the courtesy of a *cavalier*, but behaves towards our friend and brother *Analyticus*, not in the spirit of furious polemics, but in that of bland civility, treating the opinions and reasoning of an able opponent with that respect to which his talents have the fullest claim.

—

The biography of Captain Nicholas Biddle, which so resplendently adorns The Port Folio for October, has, in the repeated perusal, afforded us a satisfaction perfectly unalloyed. Few papers, since, by the partiality of the public, the editor has had the honour of collecting and arranging the materials of a miscellany, have been more strictly scanned, and more cordially admired. We have acquired the right to assure the amiable author, that this life of his gallant relative, the Sir Sidney Smith of America, will challenge a comparison with the best biographies of foreign birth; and if weighed in the critical balance, either of Oxford scholars, or Edinburgh reviewers, will never be *found wanting*. A composition of so pure and chaste a character may bid defiance to all the calumny of criticism. The editor is constantly in the habit of perusing the foreign Journals of the most established reputation, in which the lives of the learned, the adventurous, and the brave abound, but, for many years, he has not, after the most diligent research, discovered one, in any respect, superior to the article in question.

—

To a friend, commencing a course of English literature, and anxi- to view the best models for a style, vigorous and masculine, we re- bend, very strongly, most of the *elder* masters of thought and expression. Let the attention be directed to the beauties of the English writers from Queen Elizabeth to the civil war, writers who, as has been pertinently remarked, perhaps surpass those of any other age or country.

—

The literary ardour of B. is of the most noble and generous kind; but let him remember what he owes to himself, as well as to his muse and to his country. Let him beware, as he values the vigour of health and the brightness of fancy, of moping too intensely among his mid-

night studies; and shun the dangerous servitude of that generous spirit who, as we read in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, was made *slave to a lamp.*

—

The complaint of X is perfectly well defined in the medico-moral philosophy of the prescribers of medicine, or the analysers of mind. The want of regular employment is followed up by dreary intervals of care, but rarely burnished with joy, and thus life is reduced to a state of blank listlessness, occasionally enlivened by a gleam of forced-enjoyment, like an ignis fatuus playing over the bosom of a swamp.

—

F. Y. need not run after visionary Speculation, which will always fly away and elude his grasp, like that "amusive arch," the rainbow, chased by the simple boy in Thomson. On the contrary, let him follow the maxims of Michael Montaigne, an author in whose pages the freshness of good sense perpetually springs up under the reader's eye, like the verdure of a dewy June.

—

It has been incident to the editor, ever since he commenced the publication of this Journal, to receive a much greater mass of poetical than of prose compositions. Indeed the proportion of the former to the latter is as ten to one. This is at once a curious and mysterious circumstance in a new-born country, continually reviled by foreign Criticism for a total want of poetical power and poetical taste. From the above accurate statement of the editor, it must appear that the frequent attempt is not wanting, however slender may be the success. If we have no epics like Milton's, or tragedies like Shakspeare's, or poems like Pope's, or satires like those of Young and Swift, yet infant adventurers abound, even on this side of the Atlantic, who struggle with all their might to *bend the bow of Ulysses.* Now we sincerely think this a good omen, and a pleasing proof of an ardent desire to excel, which most manifestly is a very noble step towards excellence. Though justice towards himself as well as to others, compels the editor to declare that *heaps* of poetical matter are often ranged before him of a character scarcely less offensive than the compost heaps in a farmer's field, yet, amid this trash we sometimes spy a jewel of diamond lustre, at once brilliant, solid, and durable. Every article so precious is preserved with a sort of religious care, and if, perchance, it may not instantly radiate to the public eye, still it will shine in *its season*, to the satisfaction of the owner, and to the admiration of all.

—

"The Tonsoriad," with which we have taken a few editorial liberties, for which we hope to receive the author's pardon, is a lucky imitation of the Darwinian style, and will readily remind the polite rea

der of the Loves of the Triangles, than which a more humorous burlesque cannot be discovered in all the regions of wit. Our arch American has succeeded very happily in his lucky similitude in the fourth paragraph of his poem, and has been still more fortunate in his allusion to a well known nursery tale in the fifth. We think that the fame of the sovereign of shavers is now perennial; and that Partridge and Hugh Strap, and even the barber of Bagdat himself, are only qualified, in comparison with him, to *eat mutton cold*, and cut *blocks* with a razor.

Imperial Shaver! on thy laurelled brow
Roses shall bloom, and *wigs* spontaneous grow,
On slaughtered *beards* thy airy throne shall rise,
And piles of *whiskers* lift thee to the skies.
There as thou sitst in Fashion's cause sublime,
Shaking thy *razor-strop* o'er many a clime,
Each rival barber at thy shrine shall bow,
Till Time expire, and *beards* shall cease to grow!

—

In full communion with our *High Church* friend, G——r, we remember the duties and delight of this festal season. During the Christmas holidays we cannot refrain from applying to a most accomplished *classical* scholar and delightful companion, the impassioned lines of Walter Scott.

How just that, at this time of glee,
My thoughts, dear G——r, turn to thee,
For many a merry hour we've known,
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
Cease then, my friend, a moment cease,
And leave your classic tomes in peace.
Of Roman and of Grecian lore,
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.

The "Choice of a wife," if we understand the reasoning of "A *prudent* Bachelor," is regulated principally by what my worthy friend *Cocker* of Cheapside and mathematical memory, calls the *main chance*. Our *bachelor* is quite indifferent to the virtue or the beauty of a bride.

He cares not if tender, he cares not if tough;
If she *tender* the cash, she is tender enough.

—

In despite of the vulgar *notion* we cannot help defending the cause of Roman literature.

Those ancients, as Noll Bluff would say,
Were pretty fellows in their day.

—

The character of "A Genuine Sportsman" would be hardly recognised in America. The *jovial chase* is better known in the parks of England, and among the mountains of Caledonia. *There* may be found many a bold huntsman

As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
Or ever halloo'd to a hound.

—

The picture of "The Lass in Love" is pretty and pleasing; but has not the genius of a Scottish poet drawn such a nymph in a style of superior excellence?

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

—

We shall not neglect the lighter departments of poetry, because, in a work like this, they are indispensably necessary to contrast with the more serious character which should predominate in such a miscellany. Our faith and practice concur with a high authority, that It is extremely proper to unbend the mind with poetry; and not always with that species which turns upon subjects of great length; but those *little pieces* of the gay and epigrammatical kind, which serve as proper reliefs for employments of every sort. They commonly go under the title of poetical amusements; but these amusements have sometimes gained as much reputation to their authors, as works of a much more serious character. In this manner the greatest men and the greatest orators have either exercised or amused themselves, or rather, indeed, have done both. It is surprising how much the mind is unburthened and enlivened by those little poetical compositions which turn upon subjects of gallantry, satire, tenderness, politeness, and every thing, in short, that concerns life and the affairs of the world. Besides, the same advantage attends these, as every other sort of poems, that we turn from them to prose with so much the more pleasure, after having experienced the difficulty of being constrained and fettered by numbers.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

THE EDITOR, as he proceeds in an arduous adventure, perceives more clearly every hour, the impossibility of giving universal satisfaction. Indeed, in the wildest of his re-reveries, he never dreamed of pleasing the *million*. It is not for them that he writes, no, not a single paragraph. With their absurd and clashing requisitions no man, however ductile, can comply.

If I answer all the letters I receive, says some philosopher, no mortal will be so full of business. If I do not, they will say I am disdainful and insolent. If I censure, I shall be an odious critic; if I praise, a nauseous flatterer.

In those ingenious apologues which are commonly ascribed to the fabulist of Phrygia, there is one of such pithy sententiousness, and of such profound wisdom, of a character so just, and of a conclusion so true, that, without any violent stretch of Fancy, one might easily imagine that the Sage, its author, had been either the chief magistrate of a *commonwealth*, or, what is more probable, the conductor of some *Phrygian Evening Post*, or *Grecian Miscellany!* The picturesque fable, to which we allude, has been coarsely translated a thousand times, and, in its rudest shape, in elementary books of instruction, is familiar even to Childhood. But, as our friends the lawyers say, as it is a *case in point*, we shall assume the liberty of quoting it once more, but in a form so finely fashioned after the pure models of Phædrus and La Fontaine, that the most fastidious reader will peruse it with smiles.

A sire and son, as once we're told,
The stripling tender, father old,
A jackass purchased at a fair,
To ease their limbs and hawk their ware;
But, as the animal was weak,
They thought that *both* his back would break,
And so th' indulgent good old sire
Set up the boy lest he should tire.

The father, trudging, leads the ass,
And through the *gaping crowd* they pass;
The grey-beards, angry, hobble out,
And hail them with a feeble shout:
" This the respect to age you show,
The duty you to parents owe?
He beats the hoof, you sit astride.
Get down, and let your *father* ride.

The *lad, by no means void of grace,*
With *cheerful* haste *resigned* his place.
Fresh murmurs through the village ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows hail the man:
" Brute beast less pity never had:
Have you no feeling for the lad?
To *your own baby* so unkind!
Here put *the pretty child behind.*"

Old *Dapple* next compassion drew,
E'en from the ass *o'er driving crew;*
For instantly they all exclaimed,
" *Them* boobies ought to be ashamed,
*Two at a time* upon the beast!
*They'd better carry him;* at least,
I *wonders* how it came to pass!
'Tis plain to tell the *greatest ass.*"

The pair, *still pliant* to the voice,
*Dismount*, and *bear the ass.* What noise,
What gibes, loud laugh, and cutting joke
At length the *silent sire* provoke!
COME ON, my son; PURSUE THE WAY;
Nor mind what *idle people* say.
Vain the attempt to heed their call.
He *fails* who STRIVES TO PLEASE THEM ALL.

After they shall have finished the perusal of this tale, we trust that our subscribers will be in ample possession of twc facts: the jarring counsels, that are impertinently given by others, *and the independent and decisive style* which we choose for ourselves. For more than fifteen years we have published, in periodical pages, our sentiments, in complete defiance of the choice or the dictation of the *many*. In this

path we shall persevere; and, while the editor obtains the partial suffrage of gentlemen, scholars, and Christians, he is most contemptuously careless of the vulgar voice. If he can proudly number one man of genius, spirit, and virtue for his friend, he does not shrink at discovering every fool in the commonwealth his enemy.

It is expected by many that, during the Christmas holydays, an editor should make his appearance in the character of a *servant*, and make some complimentary speeches to his audience. To pursue the allusion, the *noisy* and *stupid galleries* still bellow out, "*Make your bow*, Charley;" and even the *rest of the house* look for a fine flourish or two. But, on this occasion, we disdain all grimaces; and though the editor's courtesy, as a cavalier, forbids him to look contemptuously, or turn his back upon the PIT and BOXES, yet, even to *them*, he makes neither a bow nor an apology. With very limited physical, and still more limited mental Power, he is conscious he has achieved but *little;* but it was all that Nature and Fortune would allow. Having finished his annual toil, he may now be permitted, like a cheerful labourer, to go *carolling* home, without any grumbling to deprecate, and NOTHING BUT JUSTICE TO DEMAND.

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum

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